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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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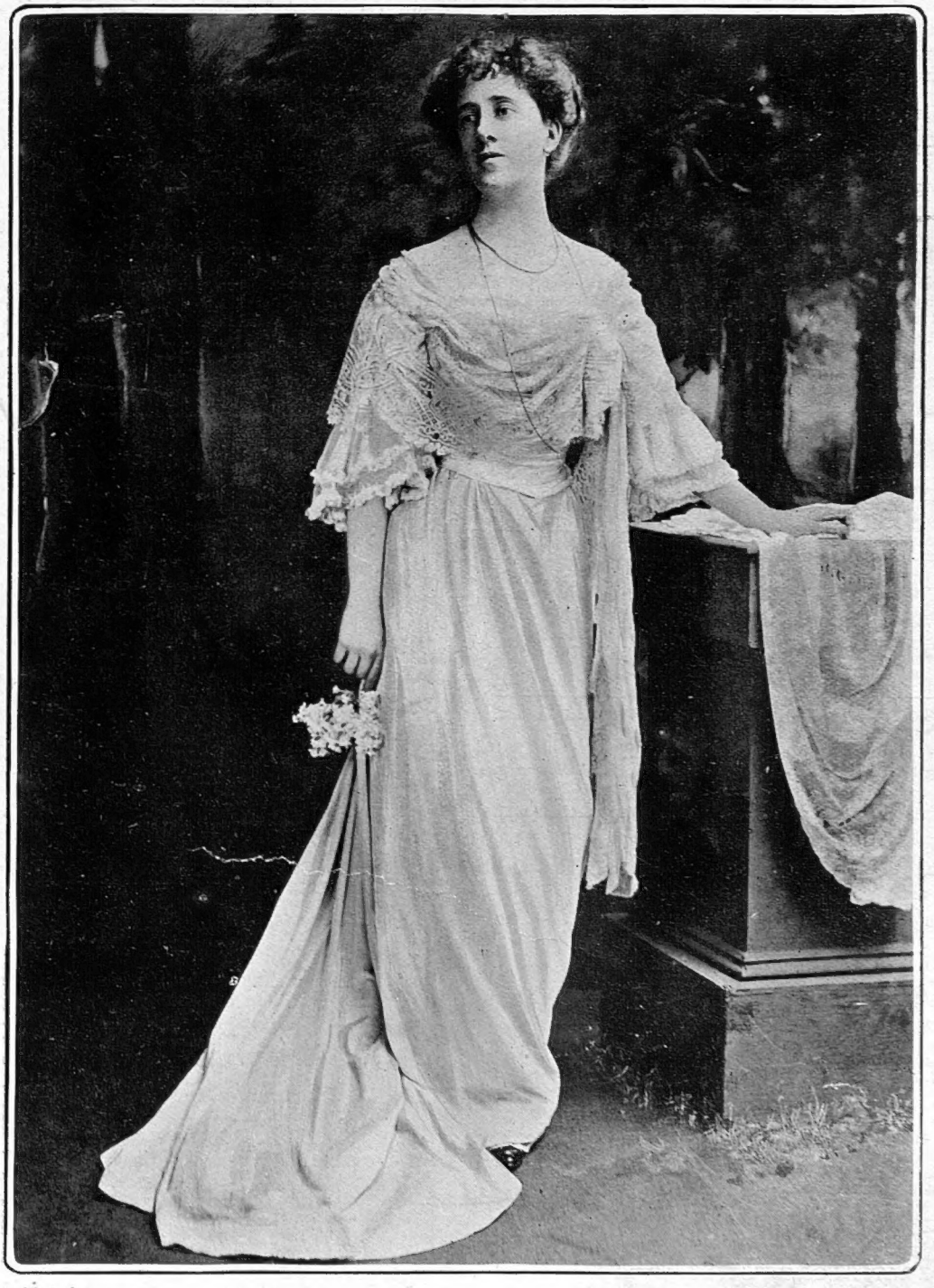

Photo by *Thomson*

The Countess of Galloway

By birth an Irishwoman, Lady Galloway is prominent among the hostesses of Scotland, Lord Galloway having country seats at Garliestown, Newton Stewart, and Bargrennan

No. 109.—Vol. IX.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, January 3, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	1
Random Jottings	3
Topictator	6
The Drury Lane Pantomime	8
The Theatre Français in London ...	10
The Art of Pantomime: Miss Camilla Dalberg in "La Main"	12
Studies in Expression: Mr. Huntley Wright in "The Mountain Climber"	13
People of Interest	14
A Human Deity	15
Cradles of Revolution	16
Cairo: A City of Glaring Contrasts ...	18
Ski-ing. By Ward Muir	23
Nature and the Camera	26
The Connoisseur	28
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 4.—"The Reforming of Lady Wynchcombe." By W. E. Norris ...	29
An Episode of the Chase	34
Field, Stream, and Covert	35
Irish Hunts: No. 4.—With the Limerick Hounds	36
The Library	39
A Bookman's Gossip	40
A Review of Golf in 1905. By Ernest Lehmann	42
Automobile Topics	49
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	52

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Random Jottings

Why are silk-hat makers rejoicing at the prospect of the General Elections? A well-informed contemporary makes the statement that silk-hat makers are rejoicing, but assigns no reason for their joy. Can it be that silk-hat makers, as a body, are such ardent politicians that they rejoice in the mere scent and spume of the fray? Or do they sell more silk hats at election time than at any other? If so, why? Voting, no doubt, does uplift the ordinary man to some extent, but not, surely, to the extent of causing him to rush into a hatter's and order several new silk hats. The notion that I am assisting to return an M.P. who will vote, say, for penal servitude for all motorists exceeding a four-mile limit, or who will introduce a bill making it lawful to shoot unregistered plumbers found lingering on the premises, might cause a thrill of satisfaction to pass through me, but it would never, I am convinced, induce me to buy a new silk hat. I might buy a revolver. Not a silk hat.

I suppose the truth is that candidates themselves buy the new silk hats. A new silk hat—except when worn with brown boots—continues to confer—in a way that nothing else does—that air of respectability which, after all, goes a good deal further in most constituencies than the candidate's views on Home Rule or Free Trade. Let us—say the constituents wisely—have a respectable candidate, and when they have got one, they throw up their hats. Perhaps, by the way, this is where the silk-hat maker scores. Unless you catch your silk-hat after throwing it up, you do need another.

Nerve pills ought to have a special sale among Parliamentary candidates, irrespective of Party, if they are confronted by many lists of questions as delightfully irrelevant as that submitted by the Protestant Alliance:

"Will you oppose all attempts to endanger the Protestant Succession to the Throne?" is a harmless example. Of course the candidate will. Why shouldn't he? Why put the question? Even if the candidate won't oppose such attempts, it doesn't matter two pins, for the simple reason that there are no such attempts to oppose, and in all human probability won't be within the next thousand years. But, "Will you support a Legislative Inquiry into the conduct of Monasteries and Convents?"—what is the poor candidate to say to that? The notion has never entered his head. He knows no more of the conduct of monasteries than he knows of the conduct of the hippopotamus' cage at the Zoo.

The epicemic of Cinderellas

THE MAN: "What pantomime are you in?"
THE TWO UGLY SISTERS: "Guess"
THE MAN: "Cinderella"

It seems there should be some special enactment whereby faddists of every shade should be able to elect their own members. Some half a dozen members would suffice, and they might be given a separate room at Westminster, in which they could receive deputations from people with no sense of proportion, and introduce legislative inquiries into the fads of monomaniacs all day long. Thither could fare the gentlemen who imagine that a Stuart is about to be popped on the throne at a moment's notice, and who want the legs of fowls examined weekly by properly constituted authorities in order that no disease may be spread by the medium of eggs, and who desire that people should travel on steamboats in icy fogs, and who declare that no children should be allowed to play with toys made in Germany—thither they should fare, and insist on precautionary measures being passed. It would save much time in the real House, and much temper outside of it.

"Confections" for Elections

(Extract from a Diary)

[*Ladies have already ordered their canvassing frocks and their polling hats.*—Daily Paper.]

December 19.—Chloe said that she supposed I would like her to canvass for Uncle Pultenay. I said, "Of course." Chloe is not enthusiastically political herself, but she has had the advantage of listening to my views on most of the leading questions of the day. Informed Uncle Pultenay that Chloe would canvass for him. Uncle Pultenay said, "Humph!"

December 29.—Chloe has been very busy since Christmas, particularly in going up to Town. Asked why, she has invariably declared, "Politics, my dear John, politics." Suspected she had been reading up blue-books, at *Times* Library, until dinner to-night, when she quite agreed with Mathers, who, as a Radical, said what was wanted was taxation of unearned increment. Uncle Pultenay is an old-style Conservative. I explained this to Chloe later, and she said that she had only thought it was polite to agree with Mr. Mathers, especially as she didn't know what unearned increment was. Tried to explain to Chloe, with result that she thought I ought to increase her allowance, as our income is derived from a legacy left me by an aunt. When I became annoyed, she said, "Wait till to-morrow."

December 30.—It seems that the seven or eight boxes in Chloe's room contain canvassing frocks. "I shall just wear them," Chloe said, "when I go round, and they'll be much more effective than your old blue-books and things. Look at this (she had put on a claret-coloured creation)—if I said, 'Please vote for Uncle Pultenay,' could you have the heart to refuse?" I said that I should vote for Uncle Pultenay whatever Chloe wore, and that I should like to know what Chloe's dressmaker's bill was, as I was thinking of sending it on to Uncle Pultenay. Chloe vexed.

January 1.—Uncle Pultenay vexed. Appears Chloe rashly called in claret frock on Griggs, the bootmaker, and entered into discussion of Tariff Reform with him. Told Griggs Uncle Pultenay would never consent to abandon Free Trade, whereas, matter of fact, Uncle P. ardent Protectionist from youth up. Coming in to be measured for boots, Uncle P. discovered Chloe's enormity—not before Griggs, who is Socialist, had got in several digs. C. to promise that she will never open her mouth when she goes canvassing.

January 2.—Chloe has given promise on condition that Uncle P. undertakes to pay all her election expenses, including three "polling" hats on the road. Uncle P. yielding. If electorate only knew!

New Year Resolutions

His

To spend less time at her club and more at mine.
To take less interest in musical comedy and more in polo.
To live the simple life in my own way.
To lunch where there is no music.
To change my laundress.
To use smaller coins in tips.
To spend less in fines for fast driving.
To cultivate my brain.
To think of marriage.

Hers

To join a Needlework League and give up my dogs.
To read fewer problem novels.
To run up fewer bills.
To give up "cures" and be myself.
To cultivate a taste for home.
To be less interested in the latest scandal, and more in my servants.
To give shop assistants less trouble in serving me.
To be content with less costly presents.
To be married before the end of the year.

Photos by **Fairies in mufti** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Rehearsing children for the production of *Noah's Ark*, the new fairy play composed by Houston Collison, produced on New Year's Day at the Waldorf Theatre

The Topictator

Incorrigible

OPTIMIST: "What's up now? You've nothing to complain of this Christmas, surely. No snow—no rain—no fog—no mud"
PESSIMIST: "That's what's the matter"

Good-bye to the New Zealanders

J. B.: "Come and see us again soon. You've done us a lot of good"

A Great Gag

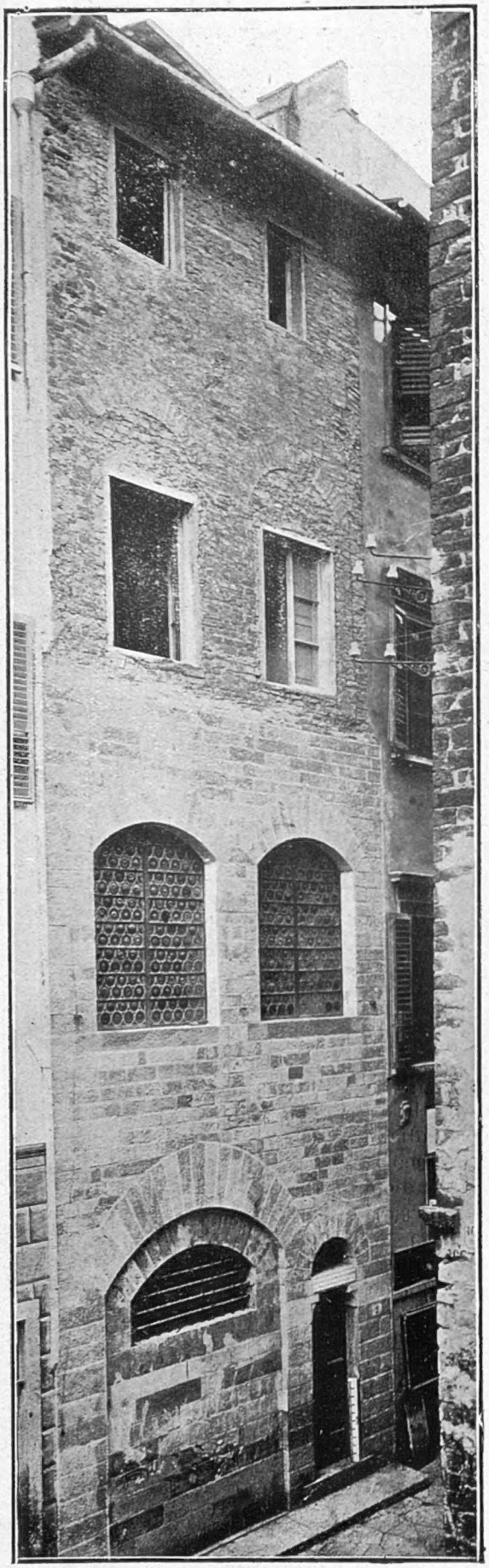
(World's Pantomime. Scene: The European Concert Room)
Enter WILHELM (the War Lord): "I do not desire war!"

Touché

In his speech at Haddington, Mr. Balfour gave us a taste of his abili y in attack

All's well

THE *D.M.*: "I didn't think much of that *White Cat* they had here last winter, but you—you are ripping!"



Dante's House in Florence

Which was recently broken into by thieves, who left an impudent note saying that the nation's treasures might be better guarded. From August, 1901, when Sassoferrato's "Madonna of the Rosary" was stolen, there has been systematic plundering of art treasures in Italian museums and churches by what is believed to be an organised gang of robbers

Mr. Selous and the Harmsworths in Newfoundland

We have received the subjoined letter from Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous big-game hunter:—

Heatherside, Worplesdon, Surrey,
December 17, 1905

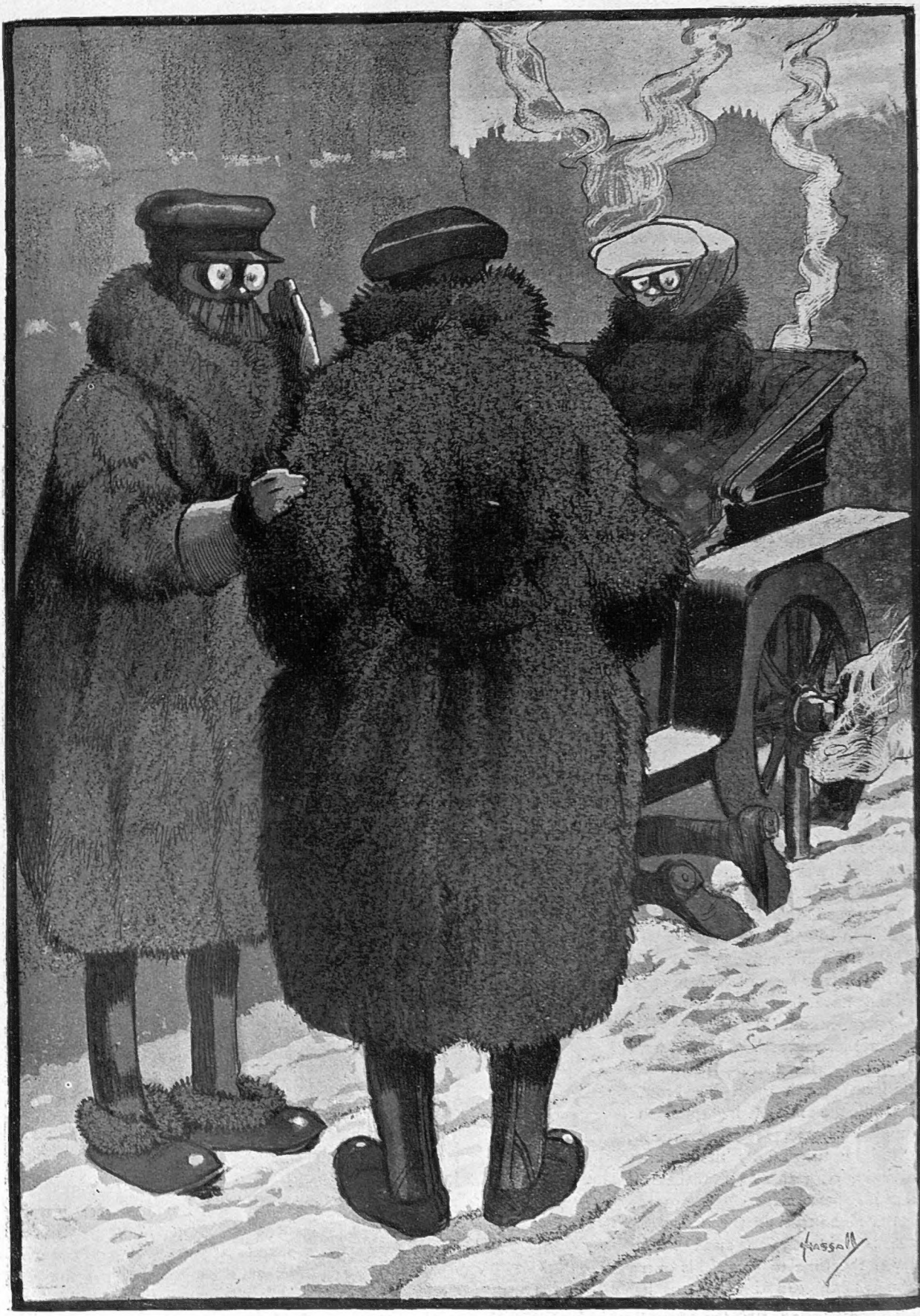
SIR,—My attention has only just been called to an article in your issue of December 13, entitled "The Deer of Newfoundland." This article is illustrated by a photograph of myself, which was taken three years ago to illustrate an article which I wrote on caribou hunting in Newfoundland. You commence your article by quoting a few sentences which I communicated to a newspaper reporter on landing at Liverpool a short time ago. These sentences were to the effect that I had spent a month travelling in the interior of Newfoundland; that I had seen a great number of caribou; but that I had only shot a very limited number of these animals, since the law very rightly restricts that number to three stags. You have devoted the rest of your article to the matter of the Concession which has lately been granted to Messrs. Harmsworth, of London, by the Government of Newfoundland. Will you allow me, therefore, in common justice, to combat this idea, and to say that I dissociate myself entirely and absolutely from every word you have written against the Harmsworth Concession in Newfoundland?

I went to that country last autumn with an open mind on this subject, and I questioned everyone I met out there about it, and I am persuaded that there is a very small minority of people in Newfoundland who object to the Harmsworth Concession. My own view of the matter is this. The interior of Newfoundland has remained an uninhabited wilderness ever since the island was first discovered, more than four hundred years ago, and so I believe it will remain as long as there is any vacant land more suitable for settlement left unoccupied in Canada, the United States, or in any other part of the world. The fishermen living round the coasts of Newfoundland have never yet made any use of their beautiful wilderness, and they never will. The development, therefore, of any part of the interior of the country in any way by men possessed of energy and capital can only be a pure gain to them economically, as it will give work to large numbers of the inhabitants of the fishing villages during the winter months who otherwise would have no employment. Moreover, if the interior of the island ever is to be colonised, the first step must be to clear the land of the dense spruce forests which now cover so much of it, and that is just what the pulp-making operations of the Messrs. Harmsworth will accomplish.

Your idea that the fencing-in of the Concession, and the capturing of all the deer in Newfoundland was ever contemplated, or could be carried out is, I believe, entirely chimerical, and would not only be an impossible task, but an infringement of the articles of the Concession.

Personally, as a wandering naturalist and sportsman, the defacement of the wilderness for the needs of our own material civilisation, whether in Newfoundland or anywhere else, inspires me with no enthusiasm; but, looking at the Harmsworth Concession from the point of view of the poorer classes in Newfoundland itself—the class which has been emigrating so largely of late years to Canada and the United States in search of work—I cannot see how the granting of this Concession can be anything but a gain to them. F. C. SELOUS.

[Mr. Selous is under a misapprehension. The paragraph accompanying his portrait in the issue of December 13 certainly commenced with a few sentences relative to his sport with caribou, and continued with remarks upon the Harmsworth Concession in Newfoundland. But Mr. Selous was not connected in any way with the opinions expressed upon the Harmsworth Concession. We gave our own views upon the matter, and we are pleased to publish Mr. Selous's letter giving such an interesting explanation of the causes which led him to adopt the view he takes of the Harmsworth Concession in Newfoundland.—ED.]



Taking his word for it

"Come and let me introduce you to Lady Diana. (*Sotto voce*) Prettiest girl in London, old chap"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

THE PLAYHOUSES

"CINDERELLA" AT DRURY LANE

A reformed rake is an excellent spectacle for the moralist, but he may be a dull companion. Without stirring up the ashes of past controversies, one may be permitted to touch upon the fact that the Drury Lane pantomime has this year taken a tumble to itself. The wand of Sir F. C. Burnand has touched it with respectability. Not a line, not a piece of business could stir the least delicate susceptibility.

This is all very well, but refinement is a garment which the novice is not able at once to wear with an air. The deletion of vulgarity, cheery and unabashed, which distinguished the pantomime for so many years, seems to have left blank spaces in the show. The pantomime does not run as smoothly as it will in future years along the new lines. It edifies rather than amuses.

The new policy is reform along the whole line. So it is a matter for no surprise to find the tendrils of music-hallism judiciously pruned. The burden of reform rests lightly upon the shoulders of Mr. Walter Passmore. By his experience and personality he is well adapted for a position too difficult to fill even by the class of wiseacres who are always playing at the game of making up casts superior to those supplied by inept managements. Mr. Passmore is quite broad enough in his humour for the spacious boards of Drury Lane. At the same time, he is too imbued with the Savoy spirit and too much of an artist to adapt his humour to a lower level. Truly, it may be said that reform would have been well-nigh impossible without him.

Another newcomer, Mr. Harry Fragson, with laurel leaves of Parisian growth upon his brow, had not the air of being quite so much at home. His cleverness could be twigged by the astute in spite of, rather than because of, his performance. He was better alone than in the *ensemble*. He is evidently an artist who, given the time to create his own atmosphere, can breathe in it very freely. In the rough-and-tumble of a rôle like Dandigny he never seemed to get into the stride which suits him best.

Miss May de Sousa made a charming Cinderella. She has good looks, a pretty voice, and charm of manner. But nothing that an old-stager can write in appreciation of Miss de Sousa's performance can come up to the delicate compliment paid her by a juvenile critic in a velvet suit, set off by a lace collar, whom I had the fortune to have for neighbour. When Cinderella went off the stage, he viewed the proceedings with polite interest. But if she remained long absent, his politeness wore out, and he gave vent to his feelings in a plaintive, "But where is Cinderella?"

St. James's Theatre

"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

A great deal of fun has been poked at the Kailyard in literature. But the Kailyard is now of too sturdy growth to be laughed out of existence, and has duly graduated from literature to the drama. The dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's series of studies from Scottish life—if it does nothing else—proves that an adaptor who knows his business finds no commission beyond his powers. However slight the original, he will expand it into dialogue form, chop it up into four acts, and lo! it is a play ready for the boards. The bare story of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is of the unsophisticated style which is supposed to characterise the stories in the *Family Herald*. I cannot recollect having read a story in that worthy periodical, but I imagine that its readers are familiar with the type of irate father who bids his erring daughter not to darken his doors again; and that they take the action of putting a lighted lamp in the window as a symbol of the stern parent's repentance. With the characters at their command, the adaptors might have turned out a melodrama upon conventional lines.

In their wisdom they have not wasted their skill upon the mechanical working out of the story, but have plumped for local colour. Drumtochty has been their watchword. Characters,

dialect, scenery, costumes, Drumtochty is over them all. And it must gratefully be admitted that however weak the play, the characters in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* are interesting, well drawn, and, most important of all, well played. The main theme having perforce to be shelved, the principal people of the story have necessarily suffered, and, with the exception of Lachlan Campbell, the stern sheep farmer, finely played by Mr. Mollison, are of quite secondary interest to the characters introduced into the play for no other reason than light relief. Of these, the two most entertaining are Dr. William MacLure and "Wee Posty." The latter, with his impudence, his love of children, and his black bottle, is a delightful creation. He might have been so tedious, and he is so entertaining that it is difficult to speak too highly of Mr. Alec F. Thompson's performance. Mr. Charles Groves's doctor, too, is a jovial and high-spirited personage who bucks everyone up whenever he appears.

Mr. Sidney Brough and Miss May Harvey, as the bucolic Tammas and the buxom Annie, are very welcome.

E. C. S.

New Theatre

Of the entertainments which sprung up at Christmas time, few can have aroused more enthusiasm than the revival of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at the New Theatre. On the afternoon of Boxing Day a crowded house testified to the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry among London theatregoers, and to the genuine success of their latest venture in the picturesque and the thrilling.

Mr. Fred Terry has had few parts of late years to suit him so well as Sir Percy Blakeney, the lackadaisical English baronet, who in reality is not such a fool as he looks. It will be remembered he is the leader of the small band of English gentlemen who, after many hairbreadth escapes, save the so-called accursed aristocrats from the guillotine by smuggling them out of France to England.

He assumes the name of the Scarlet Pimpernel, which is known world-wide, but whose identity is quite unknown even to his wife and most of his friends. It is the slow grasping of the fact by his wife, Lady Blakeney, played by Miss Julia Neilson, that forms the main interest of the play, which is a capital attraction for the holidays.

The Theatre Français in London

Photo by *Paul Boyer*

Mme. Laparcerie Richepin

Photo by *Boissonnias and Japonier*

Mme. Simone Le Bargy

Who, it will be recalled, played with Mr. George Alexander's Company in *A Man of the Moment*, at the St. James's Theatre, last July

Photo by *Boissonnias and Japonier*

Mme. Berthe Bady

Who rose to prominence some two years ago by her performance of Paula Tanqueray in Count Robert d'Humières' version

Photo by *Nadar*

Mme. Jeanne Thomassin

From the Vaudeville, Paris

The Theatre Français in London

Photo by] [*Press Picture Agency*

Mme. Réjane

Who, on January 4, appears in *La Souris* at the opening of the Theatre Français at the New Royalty Theatre. But few of the leading French actresses, including, of course, Mme. Réjane, are known to English playgoers, so the establishment of a Theatre Français as a regular institution is welcomed on every side

The Art of Pantomime

MISS CAMILLA DALBERG IN "LA MAIN" AT THE WALDORF THEATRE

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Briefly, the story of this "mimodrame," in which Miss Camilla Dalberg shows her mastery of the art of pantomime, is as follows:—Vivette, an actress, comes into her boudoir and receives her fiancé, the Baron. A quarrel arises between them, and the Baron takes his departure. Later, Vivette leaves the boudoir, and, during her absence, a grimy, villainous-looking burglar breaks into the boudoir to steal her jewels. Hearing the actress return, he rapidly glides behind the curtain. Vivette enters and practises a dance before the mirror. Suddenly she catches sight in the mirror of a grimy hand protruding from the curtain. Miss Camilla Dalberg gives wonderful expression to the horror of the character. One can almost feel the chill which steals over the actress as she gazes fascinated at the appearance of *La main*. Finally, the Baron arrives and finds her in a half-fainting condition. He routs out the burglar and covers him with a revolver, but in the end the Baron and the actress allow the burglar to depart

Studies in Expression

MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT IN "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

A bit of a puzzle

Cold and miserable

Photos by *Elvis and Waters*

Suspicion

In *The Mountain Climber*, Mr. Huntley Wright plays the rôle of a man (Montagu Sibsey) who pretends to his wife and daughters that he is a daring Alpine climber. As a matter of fact, he has never climbed a mountain in his life, but he assumes the mantle of a hero to win the admiration of his wife, who thinks nothing of a man who is not a celebrity. Sibsey, to carry out the fraud, cribs the greater portion of a work on Alpine climbing, and has it published as his own book. One of the most amusing episodes in the play (illustrated above) is afforded by the number of characters who produce Sibsey's bogus book, and the manner in which he shies at each new copy

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Mr. Herring's Gift to General Booth

Many people have objected to emigration as a cure for the present unemployed problem on the grounds that such measures clear the country of many of its most able-bodied workers. Whatever may be the pros and cons of this contention, there can surely be nothing but praise for the munificent gift of £100,000 for home colonisation which is to be handed over to General Booth. When on his motor tour, General Booth told our representative that he wished a newspaper or some public body would undertake some such plan; but now that Mr. Herring has come forward there will be no need for a *Times* or *Daily Mail* Colonisation Scheme. The objects of this movement briefly are to prevent the agricultural exodus to the towns, to form an objective to place before the young people who will have the prospective of obtaining land of their own, and therefore to cover the land with peasant proprietors, one of the great strengths of Germany and France.

Photo by *Park*

General Booth and Mr. George Herring

The General is accompanied by Mr. Bramwell Booth, while next to the famous philanthropist is Commissioner Nicol. At the back of the picture is Commissioner Sturgess, head of the City Colony

In our photograph the General and Mr. Herring can be seen leaving one of the Army's Shelters, for Mr. Herring has long been a great friend and admirer of General Booth and his work.

Captain Frederick Shaldrake and the African "Ju-ju"

Which, at the risk of his life, he pulled off a medicine man during the celebration of horrible rites at Old Calabar

An African "Ju-Ju"

On board the Elder-Dempster s.s. *Banana*, which recently arrived at New York with a cargo of sugar from Demerara, was a "Ju-ju," worn by medicine men of Southern Nigeria while celebrating their horrible sacrifices of human beings. The "Ju-ju" is a double mask, with a man's head one side and a woman's the other. Both are hideously ugly. The following graphic account is supplied by a correspondent in Georgetown, British Guiana, of the capture of the "Ju-ju" by Captain Frederick Shaldrake, of the *Banana* —

"I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Captain Shaldrake during the few days he was loading sugar here for New York, and, at my request, he consented to bring ashore this 'Ju-ju' to be photographed. He informed me that 'while at Old Calabar, he heard the tom-toms beating in the bush. Curiosity led him to go ashore with two or three of his chief officers, armed with revolvers, to see what was going ahead. He found the Africans sacrificing to the 'Ju-ju,' and already several victims had had their heads chopped off at one sweep of sword or cutlass. In an instant, Captain Shaldrake made for the 'Ju-ju,' pulled the mask off the medicine man's shoulders, and ran off with it, followed by his officers, revolvers in hand. This daring feat partly paralysed the African spectators who, if they followed at all, did so too late, for the Captain reached his boat with the trophy, and all hands pulled as if the very devil were after them.

Miss Sheppard

Who personally conducted to Egypt recently a party who are now living in tents beneath the stony gaze of the Sphinx

A Human Deity

"Captain Frederick Shaldrake told me he had not made up his mind as to the ultimate destination of this 'Ju-ju.'"

Our correspondent adds that Georgetown has been the scene of distressing riots since the departure of the s.s. *Banana*, following upon the strike of the porters loading these vessels with sugar for a higher rate of wages. As a result of the street fighting, seven were killed and seventeen seriously wounded.

The Tashi Lama of Tibet

The Supreme Lama of Tibet, who last week paid a ceremonial visit to Lord Minto to sign an Alliance with Great Britain

The Countess of Orkney

The serious hunting accident to the Countess of Orkney has cast a shadow over the neighbourhood of Wing Lodge, Lord Orkney's charming place in Bucks. There the pretty and brilliant lady, who is still remembered by so many enthusiastic playgoers as Miss Connie Gilchrist, is immensely popular, and her prowess as a sportswoman much admired. Lady Orkney has hunted regularly since her marriage, both with Lord Rothschild's and the Whaddon Chase hounds. She generally wears a neat, rather bright dark blue riding habit, and she has kept the exquisite figure for which she was famed in the days when she was painted by Whistler as "A Symphony in Skipping Ropes." Lord Orkney, who is still on the sunny side of forty, is a sporting enthusiast and a good cricketer.

The Grand Lama of Tibet

To the accompanying photograph of the Tashi Lama may properly be applied the much-abused adjective, "unique," as it is the first one taken of the principal potentate of Tibet. Tashi Lama, who was nominated by the British to the highest rank after the flight of the Dalai Lama, paid last week a ceremonial visit to Lord Minto to sign an Alliance with Great Britain. He was dressed for the occasion in a brown dressing-gown, a high yellow hat, and silk embroidered boots.

The Earl and Countess of Orkney at their home in Buckinghamshire

The Countess, who will be remembered as Miss Connie Gilchrist, of Gaiety renown, met with a serious accident while hunting recently in Buckinghamshire

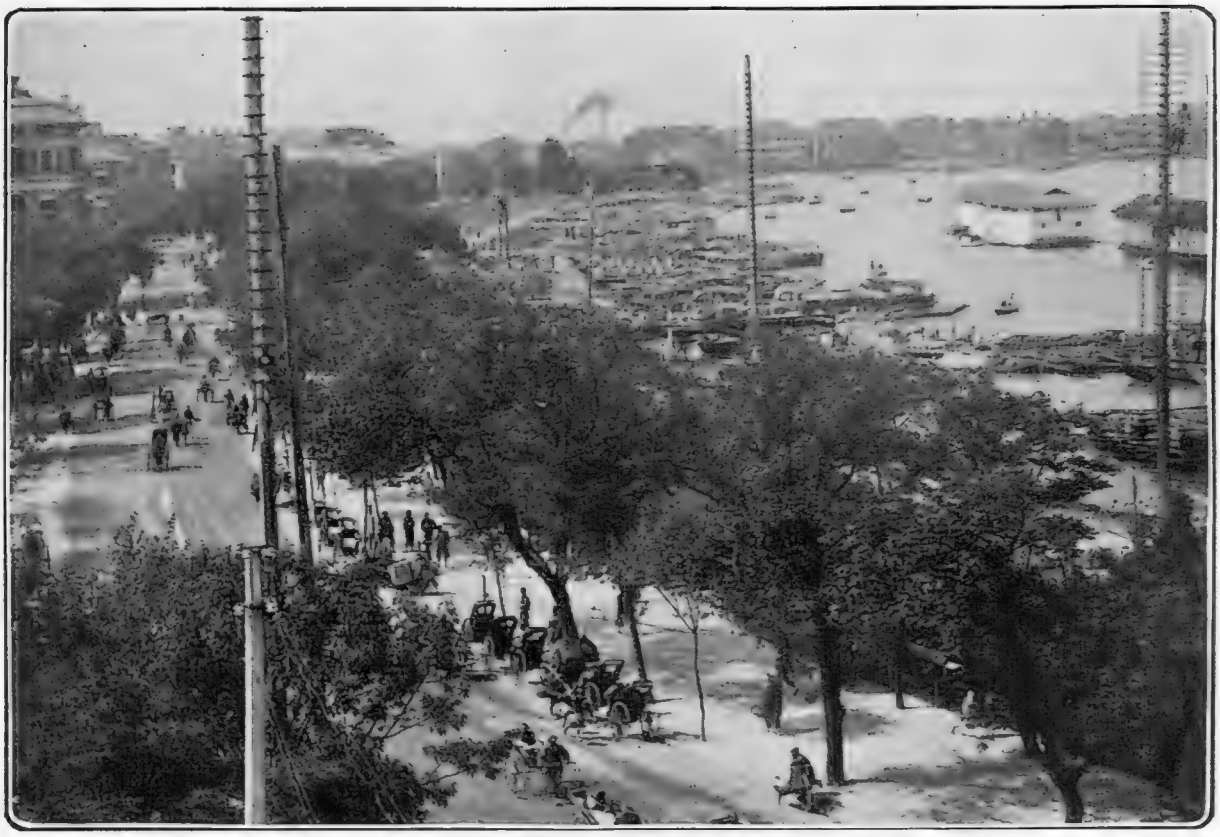
Cradles of Revolution: Moscow

The Civil War in Moscow: The Rue Pont de Marechaux

Moscow has lately been the scene of the most sanguinary street fighting that has yet taken place in the Russian Revolution, as a result of which thousands of lives have been lost. Among those taking part in the battles have been hundreds of mutinous soldiery, which gives the affair a more dangerous character than previous riots

The Civil War in Moscow: The Place Soubianski

Cradles of Revolution: Shanghai



The Riots in Shanghai: View along the Whangpoo River from the Imperial Bank of China

Serious political riots took place lately in the great Chinese seaport, necessitating the landing of guards from the foreign warships, and the arming of police and volunteers. The rioting, which resulted in the death of twenty Chinese, and much wreckage, was organised by the anti-foreign boycotting party

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The Riots in Shanghai: A Native tea-house in the Nankin Road

CAIRO

THE CITY OF GLARING CONTRASTS

At times, even the most prosaic Westerner is touched by the mystery of the East. But he is too busy a man to go in search of the East and learn its secrets. He prefers the East to come and squat on his doorstep. For such a one Cairo is a city of infinite interest. At Cairo a man must perforce rub shoulders with the Orient. He may walk along spacious boulevards fringed with trees, catch phrases of intelligible conversation from the passers-by, and look through shop windows at goods displayed and priced in the manner of London and Paris. But if on returning to his hotel he be bold enough to try a short cut, he will find himself a sombrely-clad alien among the picturesque natives of an Eastern Bazaar. If this be his first plunge into the East, there may flit across his brain the thought that the Arabian Nights Entertainments as a story of the East of to-day needs no re-writing.

Modern Cairo: The Opera House

This strange land of the side streets makes Cairo a never-to-be-forgotten city even to the globe-trotter. Wherever his wandering footsteps take him, he will find no city of the East so leavened by the West; he may find more mosques and minarets, but must forego his shops and hotels.

The curious jumble of East with West is as much apparent to the traveller in Egypt on water as on land. Even the sacred Nile, once worshipped as a god, is spanned like any ordinary river, with no history except of commerce, with bridges of steel, and is ploughed by steamers "with all the modern appointments." Once on a time the barques which sailed the Nile where called "dahabeahs." Now a

Photos by *Fradelle and Young*

View of Cairo from Mehemet Ali's statue

Modern Cairo, with its boulevards, ringed with trees and imposing public buildings and hotels, has pierced the Oriental quarter. The West is continually making inroads upon the East, and there is less to be seen to-day than a decade ago of picturesque streets lined with mosques, monuments, and lattice houses

Ancient and Modern Egypt Cheek by Jowl

Photo by] **Old Cairo: A street in a Bazaar** [*Fradelle and Young*

The West has cut into the East in such fashion that by taking a turning out of the boulevards one steps from modern spaciousness and orderliness into narrowness and picturesque confusion. In this strange land of the side turnings, one is bewildered by the glaring colours and general hubbub of an Eastern Bazaar

dahabeah is a modern floating palace. It contains state cabins, saloons (the "schemes" of which are well-thought-out combinations of walnut panelling and art upholstery), music rooms, and promenade decks. Yet "dahabeah" calls up to mind a stoutly built craft with a lateen sail which is too straightforward of design to do more than sail before the wind!

Vast engineering works have been carried out for the purpose of storing the precious waters of the Nile, one of the most important being the great dam

Modern Skill in Ancient Egypt

Photo by **Ancient Egypt: The Nile at Assouan** [*Underwood*

Assouan, the southernmost city of Egypt proper, is situated by the first or lowest cataract. The ancient city has not wholly disappeared. Close to Assouan are the islands of Philae and Elephantine

at Assouan, which at one time threatened to submerge the island of Philae to the horror of archæologists. The modified scheme, however, has not injured the famous temples. Popular conception of Nile scenery is affected by the propensity of the river for overflowing its banks. As a fact, there are groves of trees on the banks of the Nile, the green verdure pleasantly picked out with white capped mosques. The Nile islands, too, though rocky, are fringed with foliage, and Philae is almost covered with ancient temples of beautiful design. Here is the roofless hall known as "Pharoah's Bed" and the great Temple of Isis, to whom the is'and was sacred, with its wondrous propylon, or gateway, sixty feet high, which dates from about 360 B.C. *About*, mark you. A few hundred years more or less would neither add to nor detract from its venerability.

Photo by *Fradelle and Young*

A steel bridge across the Nile, of the kind that spans the rivers of Europe and America

The Egypt season has now set in, and to-day Europeans, fortunate among their fellows, are lolling in the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel, or, under the guidance of a gorgeously clad dragoman, are traversing the strange land of the side streets.

Photo by **The sacred Nile at Philae** [*Underwood*

Philae is an island of granite rock covered with ancient buildings, chief among which is the great Temple of Isis, to whom the island was sacred

Amusement in Egypt

Photos by

Donkey racing in the Desert

A favourite amusement of tourists

Bolak

A race meeting under the shade of the Pyramids

The well-known Mina House Hotel is on the left of the illustration

Children of the East

A crowd of old and young deeply engrossed in watching marionettes near the banks of the Nile

Shooting: On an English Farm

A STROLL ROUND WITH THE GAMEKEEPER

DRAWN BY F. A. STEWART

SKI-ING

Walking on hard snow

Ski-walking is, perhaps, the most vigorous known form of pedestrianism, and the walker rarely averages less than six miles an hour, traversing the snow with an ease impossible with ordinary boots

Without the aid of skis Dr. Nansen would never have been able to make his famous crossing of Greenland; and it seems only a few years ago that, when he mentioned this to the audiences at his famous series of lectures, the Press was promptly flooded with instructive little paragraphs informing the public that skis were Norwegian snowshoes, and that the correct pronunciation was "*She*." The writers who culled material for the said paragraphs from encyclopædias and illustrated books of travel were correct in supposing that the Briton needed enlightenment on the point; but they probably did not guess that half a decade later a very fair proportion of their readers would themselves have adopted this novel winter pastime, and that London would be placarded with posters inviting the world in general, and the leisured sporting classes in particular, to try ski-ing at various highly coloured pleasure resorts in Switzerland. Such, however, is the case. Ski-ing has "caught on." It looks as though more people will shortly go to the Alps at Christmas time to ski than now go to skate or toboggan.

In skating, you are limited to a prepared rink; in tobogganing you are limited to a road or an artificial run like the Cresta at St. Moritz. In ski-ing you are limited to nothing but the limitless hillsides. That is its charm. An expert straps on his skis at the door of his hotel and at once makes off straight across the white-carpeted meadows. He has a soul above paths—provided always that the consistency of the snow be right. Fences worry him a little, it is true; but he is soon beyond the radius of fences, amongst the cliffs and pine forests of the heights. He roams wherever fancy guides him: slowly up hill and swoopingly down dale. He knows the explorer's joy—so rare in these sophisticated days—of traversing mile after mile without beholding a solitary footprint of his species. Far beneath in the valley he catches an

Photos by *Gaudence*

Ski-ing: Jumping at Davos

Davos is a much-favou ed resort of British "Ski-ers." The jump is one of the most thrilling and popular spectacles of the sport

occasional glimpse of the village, with its châlets and rinks and fussing railway train; but he feels gloriously detached and apart.

Skis, however, are not merely a means for communing in loneliness with nature amongst the frozen peaks. They are, primarily, a practical mode of getting from place to place under conditions which render pedestrianism impossible. Even on the level, the ski-er averages six miles an hour; he can, moreover, traverse snow through whose biscuity surface the ordinary booted foot would sink hopelessly. This power is priceless in certain climates. At the Norwegian military school, cadets are taught ski-ing as a matter of course, and upon skis execute complicated military manœuvres. In the South American mountains, the Government scouts and survey officials use skis; and in the Rockies, the mail-carriers are mounted on skis in winter. If ski-ing had only been a sport for the frivolous, like tobogganing, it is improbable that it would have developed as far as it has done; but it is something beyond a sport. Norway recognises this, and its national ski-ing competitions are events of the highest importance. A Norwegian boy can ski very soon after he can walk, and by the time he is into his teens is preparing, with infinite patience, to compete in a racing or jumping competition.

Beginners Ski-ing on the Mountains: An exhilarating experience

At the End of the "High Jump": Alighting after a long flight

Photos by *Ballance*

Attitudes in turning (graceful and otherwise)

Twenty-mile races are annual occurrences at the ski-ing centres of Norway, the competitors starting at two-minute intervals. Enormous crowds assemble to view this tremendous test of endurance, often in a temperature of about zero (Fahrenheit). *Dette hoie hoppe* (Anglicè, the high jump) is an even more popular spectacle. Fifty thousand people have been known to foregather, from all parts of the country, to watch this—an assemblage which our most enthralling football match would have difficulty in outvieing. A small artificial precipice, or step, is built in the track near the bottom of a hill. The ski-ers one by one rush down the hill and leap off the edge of the precipice, landing at a distance of

Ski Jumping (old style): Skis up

The jump is the greatest glory of ski-ing. The ski-er rushes down the hill, leaping off the edge of the precipice, landing from twenty to thirty yards below, enjoying all the sensations, but none of the results, of suicide

anything from twenty to thirty yards below. Judges scrutinise each jump, and marks are awarded not only for its length, but for the competitor's "form" generally; the carriage of his body, the daring he displays, his pose as he leaves the edge, soars through the air, and lands, and his sure-footedness afterwards. The jumper must of course alight neatly, and without stumbling. A fall is not only bad style, but perilous to life and limb.

All of this has been transplanted to Switzerland within the last few years. Ski clubs have been formed at Davos, St. Moritz, Arosa, and indeed in every resort where Britishers are wont to congregate. Pairs of skis are now as common objects in the van of the Continental express from Victoria as curling-stones and toboggans. Rather awkward impedimenta they are, too. Their correct length is determined by measuring the height of the would-be wearer's up-lifted hand from the ground, the arm being stretched vertically to its farthest. The width is from three to five inches. Ash is considered the best wood. Pine and oak are also used, but experts state that they are less "slippy" than ash.

This season the sport of ski-ing is coming more to the front than ever. An International contest has been arranged at Villars-sur-Ollon; and the newly formed Public Schools Winter Sports' Club will hold its Challenge Cup Competition at Klosters (near Davos), ski-ing having a prominent place in the series of events.

WARD MUIR.

Photos by **Ski Jumping (new style): Skis level** *[Ballance*

Ski-er careering through space, in the latest approved mode. The "form" of the jumper is criticised and awarded marks by judges, who take due note of the carriage, daring, and sure-footedness of the jumper

Nature and the Camera

THE RUGGED GRANDEUR OF LOCH KATRINE

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY W. REID

Nature and the Camera

THE PARISH OF LUSS, LOCH LOMOND

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY W. REID

The Connoisseur

Oriental Taste

It was at one time noted that when the wealthy Princes of the East turned to European styles of decoration the native richness of their taste expressed itself in what seemed to the Occidental eye mere vulgarity and ostentation. If this were so in the past, the close intercourse of East and West has swept all that sort of thing away, and when a magnate of India now desires to have a room in the English fashion, the result is as beautiful in its way as the art of his own country is in another, and, possibly, more decorative kind. Such a room as we show in the water-colour drawing is based, of course, upon an excellent eighteenth-century design, and yet possesses a spaciousness and air of richness in keeping with the East. The rich rugs help this impression, and also the pattern of the hangings of the essentially English four-poster. The hookah, too, gives an undoubtable local note, which adds interest to a room distinguished and full of character.

A King's Chair

No doubt the historic Beefsteak Club has many interesting souvenirs of its honourable past within its present walls; but at the last dispersal of its properties it lost one of its most characteristic pieces of furniture—the plain but comfortable chair used in the brave days by the Prince of Wales, who was afterwards King George IV., and his brother, the Duke of Sussex. E. M.

Chair used by George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., when President of the Beefsteak Club, and subsequently by his brother, the Duke of Sussex

At the previous dispersal of the properties of the Club it passed into the possession of Mr. M. B. Foster, of Marylebone Road, to whom it still belongs

An adapted European bedroom for an Oriental Prince (by Gillows)

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 4.

The Reforming of Lady Wynchcombe

By W. E. NORRIS

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

"You poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Astwell compassionately. "You really do have cruel luck!"

"Awful," Lady Wynchcombe agreed, with a slight laugh, while rubicund Mr. Astwell handed her the fan and gloves which had fallen beneath the vacated card-table. "It seems to be a rule without an exception that I must either hold impossible cards or be cursed with an impossible partner. Well, good-night—or rather good-morning."

She glanced at the clock, the short hand of which pointed to the figure two, nodded to her host, and left the room, followed (as she knew she would be) by her hostess.

"I can feel for you," the latter declared, while descending the staircase. "I've had the most appalling run of misfortune myself this last week. It's true that I did get back a bit to-night, but nothing like enough to pull me straight. Dear Lady Wynchcombe, could you—if it isn't very inconvenient——"

"Of course," Lady Wynchcombe replied unhesitatingly; "I'll send you a cheque to-morrow."

Reassured by that promise, and only a little ashamed of having invited it, Mrs. Astwell returned to her husband, who remarked, through a yawn:

"If I were you, I wouldn't lend her ladyship any more money. If I had been you, I shouldn't have lent her any at all."

"I didn't want to," Mrs. Astwell candidly confessed; "but how is one to refuse? She is nearly broke, I suppose."

"Oh, stony! Hasn't paid a bill for years, I'm told."

"But she *must* pay her debts of honour!" Mrs. Astwell urged a trifle apprehensively.

Mr. Astwell shrugged his shoulders. "Somebody must pay them, I presume. For the matter of that, somebody probably pays her dressmaker. All the same, you had better take my advice."

He yawned again, and sauntered out of the brightly lighted room, in which a dozen or more persons had been playing bridge ever since the dinner-hour, leaving behind them an atmosphere heavy with cigarette smoke and mingled, sickly perfumes. In his tolerably shrewd judgment Lady Wynchcombe, who had lingered till the very last, vainly hoping to retrieve grave losses, instead of going on to a ball, as several of her fellow-gamblers had done before midnight, and as she herself had proclaimed her intention of doing, was ceasing to be a profitable acquaintance.

He would have been confirmed in that opinion if he had been better informed than he was. The well-informed professed to know that Lady Wynchcombe's bills were defrayed, or partially defrayed, for her, and could even state confidentially who defrayed them; but with regard to such affairs the well-informed are liable to error, and, as a matter of fact, Lady Wynchcombe's bills were not paid at all. As for her gaming debts, she had hitherto, by hook or by crook, contrived to meet them; but how to raise within twenty-four hours the £300 that she had borrowed from Mrs. Astwell was a problem which was causing her no small anxiety while she was speeding ruefully towards Pont Street in her (unpaid for) electric brougham.

"This looks like the final smash," she mused. "My creditors are closing in upon me, like bulls of Bashan, on every side; the pig of a banker won't let me overdraw any more, and there isn't a soul in the world that I know of who would help me to the extent of a five-pound note."

It was too true. She had exhausted the benevolence of the benevolent; her old friends had begun to fight shy of her; she had lost caste, and was more often to be seen now in the houses of vulgar, flashy people, like these Astwells, than in the exclusive circles of which she had once been an ornament. If she was still beautiful (as she was still occasionally told that she was), there was no denying that youth and she had parted company for ever. In short, she was at the end of her resources, monetary and other; for well she knew that her relations, who disapproved of her, would let her sink, if it should come to that, while her husband—himself in deep waters—could not save her if he would, and would not do so if he could.

Her ladyship would probably have spent a wakeful night had she not been provided with means of inducing artificial sleep. She woke with her usual headache, breakfasted in her bedroom with her usual lack of appetite, had further recourse to tabloids, and then, assisted by her maid, went through the daily elaborate process of "making herself presentable." This meant the presentation to her anxious gaze by the looking-glass of a lady with a blooming, but improbable, complexion, lustrous, tired eyes, and

The above story is the fourth of a Series of Worldly Stories, which will be published weekly until further notice.

Our next week's story will be "The Players," by Mrs. Baillie-Saunders (Author of "Saints in Society," the celebrated novel which won Mr. Fisher Unwin's £100 prize)

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hair of a rosy, coppery hue, wholly unknown to nature.

"It's deplorable," was her discouraged verdict; "it won't bear a moment's scrutiny! But it's the best I can do, and it's what they generally seem to like."

Unfortunately, "they" had not seemed to like it quite so much of late. Perhaps that was why she exaggerated the appeal, just as she increased her stakes at play when the luck went against her. At any rate, the appeal, such as it was, must be addressed with as little delay as possible to the person for whom it was designed, and to whom a supplementary appeal must forthwith be made. Lady Wynchcombe did not know Mr. Harnage, the man who was said to have amassed a colossal fortune in Western Australia, at all well; she had only met him some half-dozen times at the Astwells' and elsewhere; she was not even certain that she had seriously attracted him, despite an evident desire on his part to ingratiate himself with her. In the ordinary course of things she would have cultivated his acquaintance for a considerably longer time before requesting a loan of him, but necessity has no law, and he was literally her last remaining hope. Therefore, after ascertaining that neither Lord Wynchcombe nor her daughter would be lunching at home that day, she rang up Mr. Harnage on the telephone to beg that he would share a frugal meal with her at two o'clock, unless he had something better to do.

Mr. Harnage might easily have found something better and safer to do than that; but presumably he did not think so, for his acceptance of the bait was both prompt and grateful. All the more delighted, he said, because he had intended, in any case, to give himself the pleasure of calling upon Lady Wynchcombe in the course of the afternoon.

"Sounds promising, as far as it goes," thought she.

Punctually at the specified hour he made his entrance—a youngish man, with a square chin and keen eyes, not bad-looking, not badly dressed, not unlike a gentleman, if somewhat disconcertingly unlike the type which commonly supplied Lady Wynchcombe with admirers. Disconcertingly so because his very reticent and respectful admiration made it difficult to come to close quarters with him. Still, the admiration was visibly there, and perhaps a few glasses of champagne would draw it out.

Champagne failed to produce the desired effect upon Mr. Harnage, inasmuch as he declined that stimulant, preferring weak whisky and water. His hostess, on the other hand, partook of it freely, for she felt that she needed it, in view of the coming trial to which his sobriety and taciturnity afforded no facile prelude. The conversation, so long as the servants remained in the room, was perforce restricted to social topics, and in these Mr. Harnage did not even affect to feel any interest; so that it was rather up-hill work. Yes, he had gone on to Lady Crowder's ball on the previous evening, he said, but he had not danced much, not being much of a dancing man. Miss Mivart, however, had taken compassion upon him once or twice.

"Oh, you met my little girl, did you?" said Lady Wynchcombe. "What did you think of her?"

"I had had the pleasure of meeting Miss Mivart several times before," he answered. And then, after a pause, "I think she is not at all like you."

Now, as Rita Mivart's beauty was beyond all dispute, this might have appeared a rather equivocal compliment if Lady Wynchcombe had not been aware that her daughter had neither inherited nor acquired the art of captivating the other sex. Probably that was his meaning.

"Poor, dear child!" said she. "Rita is a darling, but—she doesn't know any tricks yet."

Mr. Harnage made a gesture of assent. "That is the impression that she has always given me. She was expecting you to join her last night."

"Oh, yes; I ought to have gone. But I knew she would be all right with her aunt, who takes her out more than I do, and I simply couldn't escape from that disastrous card-party. You saw how disastrously it began for me, and things went from bad to worse after you left"

"Didn't you," asked Mr. Harnage, retrospectively, "make rather a mistake in doubling no-trumps that time when we were partners?"

"Of course I did; but the blame was more with you than with me. You shouldn't have looked like that."

"Did I look like anything?" he asked in surprise.

"No, you looked like nothing, and naturally I drew my own conclusions."

If the above remark led Mr. Harnage to draw conclusions of his own respecting Lady Wynchcombe's code of ethics, they were not legible upon his impassive countenance. What did by degrees become apparent—so at least she hoped and thought—was a sympathising, compassionate interest in the tale of woe which she proceeded to unfold and a certain suggestion of preparedness for the request to which she was volubly leading up.

It came out at length, with a rush, over the coffee and the cigarettes—that request which no degree of skill could save from being an audacious one, and it was received—oh, joy!—in the most amiable, matter-of-course way imaginable.

"Only too glad to be of use to you, Lady Wynchcombe," this Heaven-sent benefactor declared; "but will you think me very impertinent if I ask whether such a paltry amount as £300 will be of any real use to you? Don't you, perhaps, owe money in other quarters, besides being indebted for a trifling advance to Mrs. Astwell?"

To prove how far she was from thinking the question impertinent, she told him then and there that it would take something like ten times the sum named to set her on her legs again. Yielding to subsequent gentle pressure, she then avowed that the amount of her total liabilities was probably nearer six than three thousand pounds, and even that confession did not seem to stagger him.

"Well," he said, composedly, "I daresay you know that I am a rich man; I could write you a cheque for £10,000 without any inconvenience. Upon conditions, though. You will allow me the right of imposing conditions, I hope."

"Oh, that is understood!" murmured the lady, who, nevertheless, did not understand very well. Mr. Harnage had so much more the air of a man of business than of a gallant!

"But understand, if you can, that I have not yet sunk so low as to offer my daughter for sale"

DRAWN BY F. B. HICKLING *(TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY)*

He nodded. "Good. The first condition is that you give me your word of honour never to play cards for money again."

Lady Wynchcombe threw up protesting hands. "Oh, but how ridiculous! If I am ever to repay you this splendid and generous loan——"

"You will certainly never repay it out of your winnings at bridge. But there is to be no repayment, please. My cheque, provided that we can come to terms, will not be a loan, and I do not presume to offer you a gift. It will be merely the price of what I consider its equivalent. Do you accept the first condition."

It was rather a bore; but she really could not see her way to decline ten thousand pounds. "I suppose I must,' she answered. "Go on."

"The second condition is, that you give up the use of drugs. No; don't tell me that you are not in the habit of taking them; your eyes betray you, and I am quite familiar with the symptoms. Perhaps, before we go any farther, I had better explain myself. The fact is, Lady Wynchcombe, that, coming back to England after an absence of ten years, and finding myself welcomed in a society about which I knew next to nothing when I was a poverty-stricken youth, I am more than a little alarmed by what I have seen of you smart ladies. Possibly you are not much more vicious than your great-grandmothers, though I almost think you are in some respects; but what is serious is that you are a great deal more conspicuous to the classes below yours than they ever were, and if you are imitated, as you are bound to be, the decadence of this country will be a mere question of time. No very long time either! That will never do, and therefore I have made up my mind to stop the rot."

Lady Wynchcombe could not restrain an outburst of laughter.

"That strikes you as undertaking a large contract," observed the other, in no wise put out of countenance. "Well, I don't aspire to perform more than my fair share of what ought to be every true patriot's business; but, having the advantage of wealth, I mean to do what I can, and you'll allow that in reforming you I shall have made a pretty good start. I choose you chiefly, of course, because you are so prominent, and because chance has given me a hold over you, but also a little because I suspect that at the bottom of your heart you would rather like to be reformed, and because, if I may take the liberty of saying so, I like you."

"I am not at all sure that I like you," returned Lady Wynchcombe, in whom the sense of gratitude was beginning to evaporate. "You talk at your ease about giving up this and that; but you don't know——"

"Oh, I know it will be a struggle; you will have some hours of depression to face, no doubt. But fresh air and exercise, and, above all, freedom from worry, will soon put you right."

"H'm! Any more conditions?"

"Only two more. Thirdly, this compact is to be strictly between ourselves. You are not to mention it to anybody; not even to your own daughter."

Lady Wynchcombe, who had been apprehensive of a command to exhibit herself to the world with grey hair and livid cheeks, breathed more freely. "Oh, if that is all!——"

"All, except the fourth condition, which is that you give your consent to my marriage with Miss Mivart."

In what queer and erratic fashions the human conscience works! Nobody who was acquainted with this far from scrupulous lady would have supposed that she could deem herself insulted by such a proposition as had just been submitted to her; yet she received it with a resentment which was evidently unfeigned. So this was what the man had been driving at all along! It was to pave the way for this cynical demand that he had put forward his previous absurd stipulations! Jumping up, throwing away her cigarette and frowning angrily, she cried:

"I won't! Ruin me, or let me go to ruin, if you like—why should it be worth ten thousand pounds to you to save me from myself?—but be so good as to understand, if you can, that I have not fallen quite so low yet as to offer my daughter for sale. Rita may marry for money or she may marry for love; I don't know which she will do, and I hardly know which she had better do. All I can tell you is that she won't be urged either way by me. When the time comes she will choose for herself."

"But she *has* chosen," Mr. Harnage mildly returned. "I ought to have said that she gave me the immense happiness of accepting me last night, and I believe I may flatter myself that when she did so, she was not thinking about money."

The astounded mother subsided into her chair, ejaculating "Is it possible!"

"It is a positive fact, strange though it may appear to you, and unworthy of her as no doubt I am. I begged her to keep our engagement secret until I should have seen you, because you might reasonably object that I am not her equal by birth. Still, if I can't boast of aristocratic descent, I suppose I may call myself a gentleman. My father was an officer in the Army——"

"My dear man," interrupted Lady Wynchcombe, "what difference can you imagine that it would have made if your father had been a grocer? Are you so archaic in Western Australia as to doubt that a son-in-law of your means would be welcomed with open arms by any parents in England?"

Mr. Harnage smiled. "You consent to the fourth condition, then?"

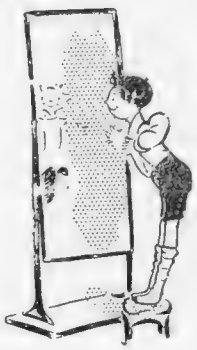
"Consent to it! The only thing I can't make out is why you didn't state it at first."

"Well—perhaps, if I had done that, I might not have found it quite so easy to secure your acceptance of the others. Which you have accepted, remember, in furtherance of my scheme for the public good and in return for the payment agreed upon."

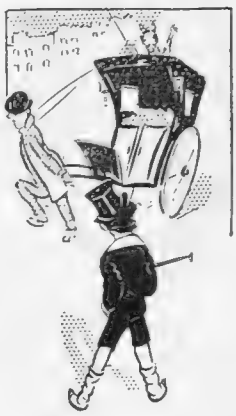
"Oh, of course. You are an odd variety of faddist, but I presume that you must be sincere and that you really want to regenerate us all."

Mr. Harnage bowed. It may be that he was fired by the noble ambition alluded to; it may also be that he recognised the expediency of taking time by the forelock and the extreme difficulty of reforming a disreputable mother-in-law. W. E. Norris.

Tommy's Nightmare



DRESS MYSELF FOR A PARTY, FIND TROUSERS SHRUNK, ADMIRE MY CAT-LIKE REFLECTION



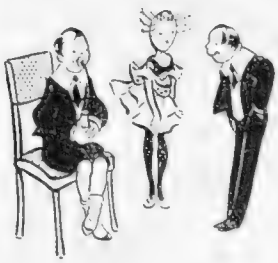
HAIL A QUEER-LOOKING HANSOM

FIND CAN'T GET IN, SO RUN BEHIND

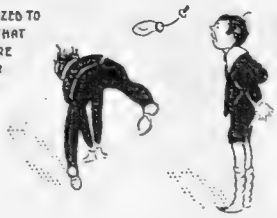
GET THERE, FIND THE GIRLS HAVE GOT FACES LIKE SPOONS

AM INTRODUCED TO A CHARMING GIRL. LOOK AT HER—

SIT OUT A DANCE WITH HER. FIND SHE'S GROWN WHILST FANNING HER

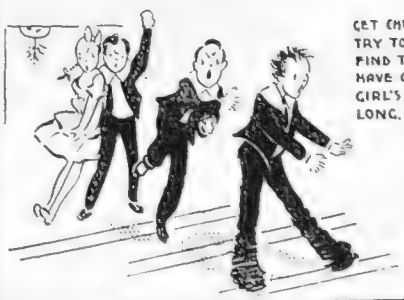


GO DOWN TO SUPPER, AMAZED TO FIND I LIKE THIS. SEE THAT CAD THOMPSON BEFORE ME GRINNING, WONDER HOW HE GOT HERE GENERALLY LIVES IN FRANCE



SHY SUPPER AT HIS HEAD, HE VANISHES, AND I SEE HIM PLAYING LEAP FROG OVER A BLACK BEETLE.

KISS THE BELLE OF THE EVENING, SHE ENCOURAGED ME



GET CHUCKED OUT. TRY TO RUN, BUT FIND TROUSERS HAVE GROWN LIKE GIRL'S NECK, VERY LONG. CAN'T MOVE

JUST ABOUT TO HAVE HEAD PUNCHED, AWAKEN TO FIND MYSELF DESCENDING TO THE FLOOR. SHAN'T HAVE ANY MORE MINCE PIES JUST YET

THE RESULT OF EATING TOO MANY MINCE PIES

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

An Episode of the Chase

BOUND FOR HOME

DRAWN BY PIRKIS

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Sport in the Old Year

Throughout December the run of good sport continued, and at the dawn of the New Year hunting people may congratulate themselves on the excellent weather with which they have been favoured. Frost and fog have occasionally caused some inconvenience, but up to the end of 1905 there was no general cessation of sport. Next to the opening meet, the appointment on Boxing Day is, perhaps, the most popular of the whole season with the *hoi polloi*. And Masters of Hounds who are not altogether insensible to the pleasure which is taken in a meet of the local pack by the dwellers in provincial towns and the neighbouring country, endeavour to arrange their Boxing Day fixtures so that the crowd may be there to see the picturesque muster of hounds and horsemen. The Quorn Hounds, still England's premier pack, took the lead by meeting in Loughborough Market-place. The Cottesmore were at Oakham, the Belvoir at Grantham, and most of the other packs assembled at equally convenient places on Tuesday of last week. A glance at the assembly at a popular meet, mounted and otherwise, will afford ample testimony that the old sporting instinct is not dead yet, and, as one of our leading M.F.H.'s has pointed out, the love for hunting is not confined to the rural population, but is deeply ingrained in the national character, this being evidenced by the crowds of artisans who regularly attend certain fixtures in the Midlands, and display an orderly and sportsmanlike conduct. I was pleased to observe that when a collection was made the other day among the followers of the Bramham Moor Hounds, in aid of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, the cap was passed round to those on foot, with the result that several pounds were added to the £60 given by the Hunt members.

The Offence of Over-riding Hounds

In the foregoing paragraph allusion was made to the correct behaviour of the foot-followers in the Midlands, and one is sometimes inclined to think that their conduct could be held up as a shining example to the thrusting division who do so much to spoil sport. On several occasions in the Shires this season, grave complaints have been made of the shameful way in which hounds have been over-ridden, and I am told that things were simply abominable one day last month with Mr. Fernie's Hounds. This is greatly to be deplored, for if ever a hunt establishment was carried along on strictly sporting principles, it is Mr. Fernie's. While the Quorn, the Pytchley, the Warwickshire, and nearly all the neighbouring Hunts have entrenched themselves behind the capping system, the Fernie Hunt Committee have remained steadfast in their refusal to adopt the practice. They have welcomed all comers, but if those who take advantage of that welcome do not attempt to conform with the generally recognised etiquette of the hunting field, it is to be feared that Mr. Fernie's Hunt will be forced to fall into line with the others, and make everyone pay who has no claims for exemption. In saying this, I do not wish to imply that it is always the "undesirable" element which is guilty of over-riding hounds and

Meet of the Bexhill Harriers at Ninfield: Enthusiastic followers coming down the road

Irish Hunts. No 4—With the Limerick Hounds

Well-known Followers: Major Finch and Miss Sands

The Field making towards Bruree through some typical Irish gorse

A little joke between Sir Timothy O'Brien (the famous cricketer) and Mr. J. O'Grady

Miss Barry

One of the lady followers of the County Limerick, who are noted for their good riding

Going off to draw

The Master of the pack is Major Frank Wise

"The Banker" and Mr. P. Lyster

Mr. Brett is well known all over Ireland as "The Banker"

misdemeanours of that kind. I am sorry to say that men who are good subscribers, and really ought to know better, are sometimes the worst offenders. Jealous riding is responsible for a great deal of the mischief, and also the dangerous habit of riding to points instead of riding to hounds. In the latter instance, if hounds turn sharp towards you, it is extremely likely that you will get right among them before you have fully realised the danger. Then the Master makes some withering remark, and you feel decidedly uncomfortable for the rest of the day. The secret of successful riding to hounds is to watch exactly what hounds are doing, and then, if you are not the veriest novice, you will be prepared for such emergencies as a quick turn or a sudden check.

A Day with the Hadlow Harriers: A chat before starting

The Bexhill Black and Tans

Certainly one of the attractions of Bexhill during the winter months is the smart little pack of harriers kennelled at Cooden Down. Visitors to the Sussex resort who go out with these hounds may not be aware that they are one of the oldest packs in the kingdom; but anybody hunting with them for the first time will not fail to be impressed by their beautiful cry, for which the pack has always been famous. In colour the hounds are entirely black and tan, and their uniform size and excellence point to the good work of their huntsman, Carey Witherden, who has been at the Bexhill kennels for nearly twenty years. It will be pretty generally agreed that the bloodhound ancestry of the pack assists their huntsman in adhering to their rich colour. They are said to be mostly bred from the real old English harrier and Southern hounds, but it is evident that there is a genuine dash of foxhound blood there, too, owing to the perfection of feet, limbs necks, and shoulders. Our illustration shows a merry party proceeding by road to the meet of the Bexhill Harriers. The pack is also a popular one for foot-followers, who, when the hounds run on to the marshes, can often see more of the sport than the mounted division. Those who like to run with the harriers can enjoy some capital sport with the Hadlow, of which we give a couple of illustrations. The Master is Mr. J. P. S. Hervey, and the hounds hunt the Tonbridge district in Kent, formerly covered by the Foxbush Harriers.

An Ideal Bank-and-Ditch Country

Perhaps because every Irish country has its own particular features and good points, the resident hunting people of Ireland are unswervingly loyal to their local pack and neighbourhood, and extremely reluctant to admit that there is any better land in the world to ride over. But ask the most impartial judges of Irish hunting for their opinion as to the best of the various districts, and I fancy that County Limerick would be mentioned with high favour. It has been well termed the ideal bank-and-ditch grass country, and there is scarcely an acre of it that does not furnish magnificent riding. The jumps are very varied, and the majority are not beyond the powers of the average hunter, which is quite an advantage to those who cannot keep a stud of three-figured horses The banks are very sound for the most part, and perhaps the most formidable obstacles are the immense stone walls scattered about the Askeaton district. Major Frank Wise, late of the 13th Hussars, makes an exceedingly popular Master. Last season's sport was the best for some years, and hounds are doing very well again this season.

The Hadlow Harriers after Hunting: Back for some bread and cheese

Major Wise acts as his own huntsman, and is perfectly qualified to do so. Like many other Masters of Foxhounds now holding office, he gained valuable experience with harriers before taking over the more responsible work of foxhounds, having hunted the "timorous hare" with the regimental pack when the 13th Hussars were stationed at Dundalk ten years ago. Visitors who wish to see the cream of the sport with the Limerick Hounds will not find the county town such a convenient centre as Adare or Croome. Limerick lies in rather a one-sided position for many of the best meets, whereas Adare is handy for the kennels and everywhere in the

Lord Carnarvon's Pheasants

Highclere Castle, Lord Carnarvon's magnificent seat on the borders of Hampshire and Berkshire

Mr. Arthur Portman Mrs. Wombwell Mr. Rutherford Lord Ashburton

Shooting Party at Highclere

Prince F. Duleep Singh Prince Victor Duleep Singh
Lord Westbury Earl of Carnarvon Countess of Carnarvon
Princess Victor Duleep Singh

Where the pheasants are hatched at Highclere

The pheasant hatchings at Highclere, a few of which can be seen in the picture, are the largest in the world. The head keeper is seen in the illustration

country, and is, moreover, a charming little village, with a very fair hotel. Croome is equally to be commended to those who throw in their lot with the County Limerick Hounds, and is specially handy for such fine meets as Bruree, Garryfine, and Athlucca. Mr. John Gubbins, who was himself Master of the pack for five seasons, and bred the Derby winners, Ard Patrick and Galtee More, in the county, has some famous coverts at Bruree, from whence many a notable run has started.

Shooting at Highclere

The zealous way in which Lord Carnarvon has cared for the preserves at Highclere Castle has had its reward in the fine sport which is enjoyed there every season. The Castle and its surrounding park have a magnificent situation on the borders of Berkshire and Hampshire, and when I visited the estate for the first time its beauties made a great impression on me. Shooting and racing are the two branches of sport which make strongest appeal to Lord Carnarvon, and at Highclere he has recently laid out an extremely well-appointed stud-farm, where stands his notable horse, Robert le Diable. At the back of the stud-farm lies the Siddown Warren, which provides some of the best rabbit-shooting in the kingdom. Its character can be gauged from the following score of three days' shooting last month: Dec. 11, 1,556 rabbits, 504 pheasants, 51 hares, 6 woodcock, 2 partridges, and 4 various; Dec. 12, 757 pheasants, 204 rabbits, 84 hares, and 6 various; Dec. 13, 1,432 pheasants, 108 rabbits, a duck, and 8 various. Shooting with Lord Carnarvon were five other excellent shots, namely, Princes Frederick and Victor Duleep Singh, Lord Ashburton (who had some fine covert-shooting at the Grange a few days previously), Lord Westbury, and Mr. A. Portman. A. W. C.

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." By W. Holman-Hunt. Two vols., with forty photogravure plates and 150 other illustrations. (Macmillan: 42*s.* net.)

"Normandy in Colour." Illustrated and described by Gordon Home. (Dent: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Diary from Dixie." By Mary Boykin Chestnut (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Through Five Republics of South America." By Percy F. Martin. (Heinemann: 21*s.* net.)

"The Political History of England." Vol. X., 1760-1801. By William Hunt. (Longmans: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Holman-Hunt is not only the last of the great pre-Raphaelites—he was one of the three founders of the movement, and, as Mrs. Alice Meynell has pointed out, his picture of "Rienzi Vowing Vengeance" was "the first thorough, explicit, and convinced work of the pre-Raphaelite movement"—a movement which, after years of scorn and derision from the pens of the critics, was at last to break through even hide-bound British prejudice and open up a new world of beauty to eyes unaccustomed to anything but the conventional. Mr. Holman-Hunt's great book, "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" (2 vols., Macmillan: 42*s.* net), thus ranks as the history of what might be called a new era of spontaneity second only to that which distinguished the "spacious days" of Elizabeth. We are too near to judge fully of the effects of the pre-Raphaelite movement upon English Art and Literature—that is a matter for the historian of the future—but we are thankful to have so detailed and picturesque a record of its founders and their work as is presented here. The illustrations themselves render these volumes a necessity to the artistic, the first volume containing nineteen, and the second volume twenty-one, photogravure plates reproducing some of the author's best work. Besides these, there are over 150 illustrations in the text, in which the work of Millais, Rosetti, Leighton, Ford Madox Brown, and other leading apostles of the movement, is represented. Of the text, we need only say that it brings before us not only men whose names are household words in connection with Art and Letters, but it passes in review the intellectual movements of the time. Carlyle is here, and as we have only space to make a short quotation, his opinion of Mr. Holman-Hunt's "Light of the World" will prove interesting, as showing him in a characteristic "mood":—

It was Carlyle's second visit to my studio (says the author) that best revealed the inner nature of the man, when "The Awakened Conscience" and "The Light of the World" were just completed. He spoke approvingly of the first, but . . . turning to the other, he spoke in terms of disdain. "You call that thing, I ween, a picture of Jesus Christ. Now you cannot gain any profit to yourself, except in mere pecuniary sense, or profit anyone else on earth, in putting into shape a mere papistical fantasy like that, for it can only be an inanity, or a delusion to everyone that may look on it. It is a poor misshaped presentation of the noblest, the brotherliest, and the most heroic-minded Being that ever walked God's earth."

Whatever else Carlyle said, the reader may seek for himself. It remains for us to say that so permanent a treasure as Mr. Holman-Hunt's book is passing cheap at the cost of nine or ten novels.

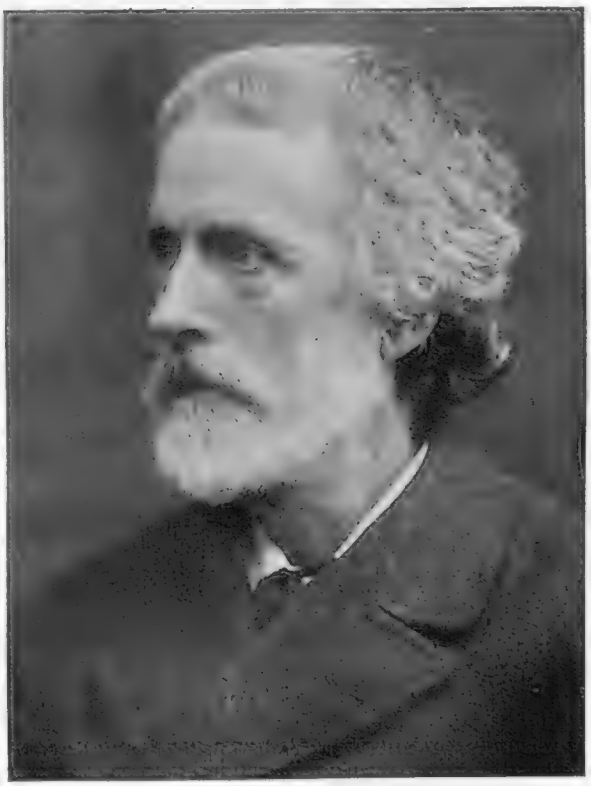


Photo by *Thomson*

Mr. George Meredith

The famous author, upon whom the King recently conferred the Insignia and Warrant of the Order of Merit, which was conveyed to him specially at his residence at Leatherhead by the Registrar Secretary of the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood. Mr. Meredith was unable through his accident to attend the King's Investiture in person

In these days of rapid transit the writer of books of travel appears in a new rôle. No longer can he interest and stimulate the imagination (save in a few cases, of course) with pictures of new lands and peoples, since the places where modern travel agencies do not penetrate are few. Lhasa and Peking are no longer "forbidden," and only Mecca remains, and even of this city Burckhardt and Sir Richard Burton have left us descriptions. So that the best the modern travel-writer can do is to act as a sort of remembrancer. In this rôle, Mr. Gordon Home has written and illustrated one of the pleasantest books on Normandy we have seen. No need for him to tell us the book "is not a guide book"; the fine paper, the generous print, and the delightful illustrations do not in the least convey that impression, but rather that the book should be perused in the library and kept on the shelves to awake happy recollections in dull hours. The

author does not pretend to the penetrative insight displayed by Mr. Henry James in his "Little Tour in France," nor has he perhaps the sympathy with his subject derived from a great knowledge of French history which pervades that book. He writes throughout in a holiday spirit, which his illustrations in colour do much to inspire in the reader. The first of these, showing the sombre grey mass of Mont St. Michel standing in relief against a soft yellow sky, is delightful, as are they all. Lovers of Maurice Hewlett's work will want to frame the little picture in colour of "The Church at Gisors, seen from the walls of the Norman Castle." It was from this church that Richard Yea-and-Nay carried off Jehane Saint-Pol—carried her away from the altar at the point of the sword, even while the priest was setting the last seal to her marriage with Gilles de Gudrun. The feature of all the illustrations is their quiet restraint, and the reproductions are excellent. We imagine the author could produce a delightfully illustrated edition of "Richard Yea-and-Nay," and we could think of no higher compliment to pay him.

"A Diary from Dixie" (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is one of those books counted as literature from its unaffectedness and sincerity. It contains the greater part of the diary written during the American Civil War by an ardent Southern woman, Mrs. Chestnut, the wife of a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army. The scenes around which these personal reminiscences, written from day to day, are centred are in themselves interesting—oftentimes thrilling, but more often pathetic. Mrs. Chestnut had a keen wit and showed a sensitive appreciation of the *belles lettres* of her day. These qualities are well to the fore in this diary, which, from first to last, gives us the unreserved opinions of a well-informed observer with a gift of putting her observations and thoughts into sparkling narrative. Of the hard times the Southern aristocracy fell upon, she says, so dear were common necessaries, it was a common remark that "in going to market you take your money in your basket and bring your purchases home in your pocket." Again, she tells us that having to entertain a guest she dressed "within an inch of her life with the best of her *four-year-old* finery." There was only a wild turkey in the house, and this unfortunately had already been served up once the day before. The cook, however, "had hid the slight loss we had inflicted upon its mighty breast. She had piled fried oysters over the turkey so skilfully that unless we had told about it no one would ever have known that the huge bird was making his second appearance on the board." Interesting glimpses are given of Abraham Lincoln and General Grant, though there is, of course, much more of General Lee and of the Confederate leaders, both military and political—men who fought for their cause as long as "they had body enough left to hold their souls." The book is full of anecdotes, *bon mots*, conversations, and general tittle-tattle, written as only a woman could write them, with that intimacy which makes one eager to finish each page, so as to see what good things are on the next.

G. F. J.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

On a Certain Puff

There must be a great many people who have been struck, as I have, with the way in which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new serial story has been heralded in the advertisement columns of the Press. They were meant to be struck, of course; but not, perhaps, to be struck in just the way that those have been who look upon literature as a thing not in exactly the same category with mustard, and cigarettes, and soap, and cocoa. Perhaps this is an old-fashioned view. Sir Arthur and his publishers may want to know just why a book which is put forward as among his most ambitious works should not be thrust upon the notice of the world in this manner. They may state the opinion that Scott would have done it; that the recovery of Mr. George Meredith—who, by the way, has recently been promoted in the Order of Merit by the King—from his recent accident is retarded by worrying over his own folly in not having puffed "Diana" and "Richard Feverel" by similar means; that Mr. Hardy is already in negotiation for a fortnight's occupation of the front page of the *Daily Mail* for his next book; that, in fact, the method of boasting in advance, at the top of a powerful voice, about the excellence of the work that is just a-going to begin is not the natural monopoly of cheap-jacks, but is an important part of Chivalry—with the true spirit of which the trumpeted story is understood to be penetrated.

The Old-Time View

Macaulay, I suppose, is painfully out of date nowadays, and one must apologise for quoting him. But to show how deeply the dignity of letters was misunderstood in the eighteen-thirties, let us turn to the passage in which that critic attacked the first beginnings of the kind of thing that is full-blown to-day. He was rude enough to call it "the new trickery." Said he:

> The puffing of books is now so shamefully and so successfully carried on that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of the national taste, or for the honour of the literary character, to join in discountenancing the practice. All the pens that ever were employed in magnifying Bish's lucky office, Romani's fleecy hosiery, Oackwood's razor strops, and Rowland's Kalydor, all the placard-bearers of Dr. Eady, all the wall-chalkers of Day and Martin, seem to have taken service with the poets and novelists of this generation. . . . . No artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is thought too abject for a man of letters.

—with much more to the same old-fashioned purpose.

"Tushery"

However, let us put aside all doubt as to the genuineness of the Chivalry likely to be found in a story so put forward, and merely wonder whether the modern public is capable of being worked up to enthusiasm nowadays about the novel of knights, and monks, and caitiffs, and all that which R. L. Stevenson, in his letters to W. E. Henley, used to describe as "tushery"—because in such tales, and nowhere else, people said "tush!" to one another. R. L. S. was no admirer of the method,

though he himself essayed it once in very brilliant style. His "Black Arrow" is, to my mind, infinitely the best of its kind since Scott; and for true historic colour it is better than anything of Scott's. The Dialogue could only have been done by a man who had absorbed the Paston Letters. Yet I venture to think it is the least read of all his works; and what R. L. S. himself thought of it he described in one of his delightful letters. "What do you think I have turned to now?" he wrote "To tushery, by the mass!" And he went on to describe the tale (I quote from memory, but I think correctly) as one "wherein the tushers do tush me so free, that may I be tushed if the whole thing is worth a tush!" . . . No; I cannot convince myself that there is a present, much less a future, for the romance of "tushery." Anything of Sir A. Conan Doyle's will be read; but something of his very own, something with eccentric crime in it, would be read much more, and one would not feel the shock on seeing such a story "boomed" that one does when one finds a story of the knightly, the noble, and the great of heart, advertised like a new kind of blacking.

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Who, from the writing of detective stories, has passed to the relation of chivalrous romance in the serial columns of a contemporary

A Clean Rabelais

It was when Robert Browning got very tired of reading dull old Johannes Schafnaburgensis that he (rhyming with his usual boldness)—

Went to the house and brought out a loaf,
Half a cheese and a bottle of Chablis,
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

Many such chapters have been collected by Mr. F. G. Stokes, in his "Hours with Rabelais" (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). The question of "expurgation" is one upon which I am personally inclined to take a high line, damning it utterly: but Rabelais is a peculiar case. His jovial beastliness is so entirely gratuitous, characteristic as it is, that its omission, if done with care, leaves the work Rabelais still. I fancy that it was put in largely to catch the fancy of the French public (for Rabelais was a shamelessly "popular" author, who wrote what he found would make most money), and I am not sorry that the squeamish and the innocent should have a chance of reading this giant of robustious satire and anarchic fun without his innumerable nastinesses. Mr. Stokes, however, has done more than "expurgate." He has taken the great and unapproachable translation of Urquhart, and has compared it with the best texts, cutting out the many passages of the English which the enthusiastic Briton had imported into his version "out of his own head." I would not have cared to do it myself, for I regard Urquhart's Rabelais as in the nature of a collaboration with his author rather than a translating of him. But there is reason in it; and the results are quite excellent.

London Going and Gone

While the slow tide of new bricks and mortar continues to advance and submerge piece after piece of the London that former generations knew, it behoves devotees like Mr. Philip Norman to do all they can with pen and with brush (Mr. Norman is fortunate in being able to use both, and use them so well) to fix for us something of the disappearing beauty and interest. His "London Vanished and Vanishing" (A. and C. Black: 20*s.* net) is an addition of first-rate importance to the vast literature of London. Many years of diligent search and observation have disclosed to him a great number of widely-scattered "bits" of old and rich and curious building. The water-colour drawings, admirably reproduced, are seventy-five in number, and the originals may be studied in the Bethnal Green Museum. For communicating the spirit and atmosphere of old London buildings, it always seems to me that a good etching is the nearest to a perfect medium: I have, for instance, one of Sir Paul Pindar's house, in Bishopsgate Street, which I had sooner possess than Mr. Norman's water-colour of it here reproduced. But they are first-rate work; and so is the workmanlike account of the places selected by Mr. Norman from among the deplorable number of those "vanished and vanishing."

ECB

Mr. C. P. Sisley

We are informed that Mr. Charles P. Sisley, who recently resigned the editorship of the *London Magazine*, has purchased a controlling interest in the Library Press, of 9, Duke Street, Charing Cross, publishers of the well-known "Cameo Classics," "Children's Classics," etc., and we understand that, commencing with the New Year, the business will be known as Sisley's, Ltd.

A Review of Golf in 1905

(Continued from last week)

Professional Play in 1905

The past year has been one of the most brilliant and remunerative that professional golfers have ever had. The prizes have been so many and so lucrative, that one is tempted to answer the old question, "What shall we do with our younger sons?" by a decided "train them up to be professional golfers." Seriously speaking, what a marvellous change has come about in the last twenty years in the status and emoluments of a professional golfer. Nowadays a man who is steady in his life, and who is a first-class player, has an assured and comfortable livelihood ready to his hand, for clubs and courses are so numerous now all over the world that there is practically a post waiting for all and sundry who answer to the description given at the beginning of this sentence. Those who remember the conditions governing a professional's life twenty years ago can alone appreciate the difference in the position then and now.

Braid's Year

The year belonged to Braid, who proved invincible alike in score or match play, and so may, with all justice, be described as a true champion. The field which he vanquished, both at St. Andrews and at Walton Heath, comprised practically all the available talent in the empire of golf. The vulnerable point in Braid's golfing armour used to be his putting, but now the stone that was rejected of the builder has become the headstone of the corner. He has turned his weakness into strength, and to his formidable powers in the long game and in approaching has added the quality of consistently good putting. It is this which makes him such a difficult man to beat, and which has carried so many prizes into his possession. So long as he maintains his present great powers of all-round play, it is difficult to see who is to beat him in the great events of the golfing year. He has another great aid to the maintenance of his game in the fine and difficult course where he is professional. I was much struck with a remark made by Harry Vardon when he first played over the Walton Heath course. "I wish," said he, "I had this course to play over every day for three weeks before the Championship." From this remark I inferred that his own course was too easy for him, and did not demand that constant care and accuracy in the long game which are absolutely necessary on a difficult course.

Uncle (*returned from abroad*): "Well, Bobby, do you remember me?"
Bobby (*who is shy*): "I—I don't remember your face, but I remember your body"

Herd, Vardon, Taylor,

A slight falling off in this particular, and a nervousness about his short putts, were the causes of Harry Vardon's want of success in the past season. These defects, in their turn, may well be attributed to his health, which was not all that his friends and admirers could have wished, and which made him feel the strain of the great foursome very severely towards the end of the match. Taylor, his partner in that match, shows no falling off in his game, though I fancy that his patience is not so great as it used to be. I think he allows things to worry him now which in past days he would have considered trifles, and taken as all in the day's work. Good golf is so much a matter of calm, even, and imperturbable temper, that the smallest falling away in that department of golf psychology may have very fatal results on a player's success. *Verb. sap.*, and I trust that Taylor will take this counsel of perfection in good part, coming as it does from one of his staunchest admirers. Herd has maintained his position as one of the four best players we have, though he was sadly hampered by a strained knee during the fateful foursome.

White, Sherlock, Jones, Mitchell, etc.

Let us hope that the coming year will give his cheery and confident temperament no physical ill to battle against, and then we may look with certainty for great doings by the inimitable "Sandy." Jack White, I am glad to know, will be found facing the New Year with the renewed confidence due to restored health. He is slowly, but surely, shaking off his nervous malady, and although his game was palpably below his true form in the great events of the year, yet he has recently been playing so finely that he will surely be found this year fighting in the van. Sherlock has not done much since the Championship, but both he and Rowland Jones did so well then, and played in such beautiful style, that they have brought themselves to the top of the tree. I have only space to mention once again the great performance of young Arthur Mitchell at Walton Heath, which marked him out at once as one of the most promising of the younger players Of the older men, Andrew Kirkaldy, Ben Sayers, and Willie Park, have worthily maintained their great reputations. I have no space for more names. It is a case of *embarras de richesses*, and I must beg those I have omitted to forgive my neglect and to accept my assurance that my interest in all of them is keen and unabated. I wish professional golfers as happy and prosperous a year as the one that is just gone has been to them.

Ernest Lehmann.

Christmas in the Children's Ward

Photo by *F. G. Hodsoll*

Christmas Festivities at the North Eastern Hospital

How the tiny inmates of the Goldsmith's Ward, in the North Eastern Hospital for Children, were entertained on the 25th prox. The Christmas tree provided for the occasion, towering as it did over the cots of the little patients, was of a magnificence that did much to console them for their sufferings.

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR FOURTH COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

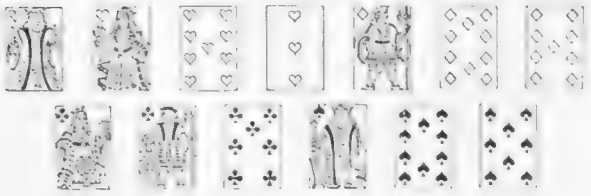
£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.
First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.
SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

SEVENTH WEEKLY COMPETITION

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DUMMY, AND WHY?

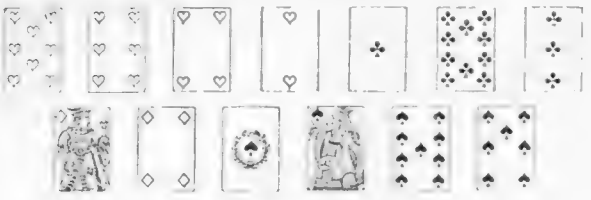
PROBLEM XIX.

Dealer, love; Adversaries, a Game.



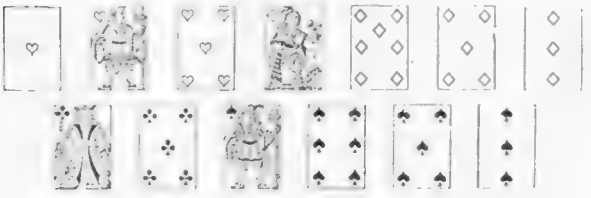
PROBLEM XX.

Game-all: Sixteen-all.



PROBLEM XXI.

Game-all: Dealer, twenty; Adversaries, twelve.



What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, if you think the right answer to a Problem is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks' Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize *of the same value* during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

Fourth Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

Major T. Kendall, Beaumont Lodge, Newton Abbot.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

F. B. Ayler, Esq., Ringwood Hants.

Morgan M. Thomas, Esq., 5, Colston Parade, Redcliffe, Bristol.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following are the marks gained by competitors in our Eight Weeks' Competition for their solutions of Problems X., XI., XII:—

15, Cardinal, Horatio, Ranipet, Ray; 14, Bulbs, Cholmeleian, Didums, Dunsmore, Hills, Jan, Luppy, Sepoy, Wantacas; 13, Ap Twn, Arzt, Caermol, Hainault, Kirkbank, Kirkland, Kit, L.S.D., Martyr, Numeral, Pete, Rokeby, Snoodles, Vera; 12, Captain Cuttle, Cumtux, H.A.W., J.G.M., Mugwump, Percy, Tar Wallah; 11, Black Diamond, Chicane, Hockey I., Lalla, Pelican, Sunny Jim; 10, Auch, Bay, Beetle, Bid'an, Bunch, Coney Weston, Crossjack, Engineer H., Evelina, Fantôme, Fen, Gamdn, Gazeka I., Gollywog, Isosceles, Kithogue, Noel, Noxious, Otis, Primrose, P.M.S., Shakespeare, Stine, Summer, Temple, Tom Tit, Trixrl; 9, Alexander, Belladonna, Brown Cat, Bydand, Eblow, Fluffy, Hes, Imp, Inu, John Cotton, Joker, Lollypop, Minatur, Mizpah, Norland, Norlands, Not 'Arf, Occasional, Pons, R.C.H., Rieton, Smitte, Special Scoten, Tarbet, Tommy, Turquoise, Ubique, Watadam, White Cat; 8, Addie, Angus, Banwood, Binkie, Candlelight, Erin, James, Kenneth, Mannamead, Maraquita, Moth, Notloup, Quill, Solor, Tansan, Waverley, Willimoteswick; 7, Chippie, Dogger, Domine, Edgbaston, Eileen, Garrison, Hope, Long Compton, Pelham, Pernox, Vengeance, Woffle; 6, Chess, Chlorodyne, Darkie, Dew, Poultry, Punch, The Chalet, Trixie; 5, Blue, Cherub, Falcon, Longbridge, Mashie, Tylhus, Woffle; 4, Aga, Boz, Bunnie, Cardata, Chieftain, Crackpot, Fuchsia, Kathleen, Sunshine, Travis.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM X.—Clubs. It is not a very promising call; but it makes the best of the hand. If anything else is made trumps, it is a possible two-trick hand, but if clubs are declared, it is a possible four-trick hand, and you need very much less from your partner. If your partner has good cards, your length in clubs should enable you to make the best of them.

PROBLEM XI.—Leave it. You cannot call no-trumps on two unsupported aces and an unprotected queen, and hearts are no less out of the question. You have good support for any call Dummy makes; and if he declares a weak spade, it will probably be the best call for the combined hands.

PROBLEM XII.—Leave it. Many players would make the appalling call of a weak diamond, needing two tricks to go out, and expecting five or six tricks from Dummy, since with a diamond call it is only a possible three-trick hand. On the other hand, there is no great need to declare a defensive spade and forfeit all hope of the game. If your partner should go no-trumps, your adversaries will not make more than three diamonds, and you have a little help for him in the other suits. He will hardly go a weak heart at the risk of being doubled to the score.

Sporting Spaniels on Trial

The Spaniel Trials at St. Neots

"To heel"

HOWEVER bad a name may be endured by the spaniel as a domestic pet, his sporting proclivities, in quest of ground game and as an adjunct to rough shooting, are prized by every sportsman. Trials of sporting spaniels were held last week at St. Neots, and our photographs show them in three attitudes, "to heel," bringing in the bag, and bringing in the game. The weather was not favourable to the trials, being miserably wet, but the attendance was excellent.

Photos by

Bringing in the bag

Illustrations Bureau

Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington Hebe bringing in the game

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

Well Done, New Zealand!

Now that the New Zealanders' campaign is ended, our admiration of their fine play, and particularly of the grim determination with which they struggled on to the bitter end when obviously suffering from wear and tear, makes us almost wish that their record had been an unbeaten one. Their hardest work came at the end of their tour, and they survived the ordeal, with difficulty perhaps, and yet with infinite credit. They have undoubtedly done much to revive public interest in Rugby football, and they have taught us one or two lessons. One of the most valuable of these is that the Welsh game is not the only game that pays, and that the feeble imitation of it upon which Englishmen have been wasting their energies for several years past is worse than useless. They have shown us, in fact, that the best features of the old English game are still worth preserving and cultivating. They have also helped to bring more than ever into prominence the pressing necessity for an authoritative interpretation of the laws, so that a referee may have some higher sanction for the performance of his duties than his own individual conception of them. But upon this subject I have already said my say in a previous issue, so I will leave it with the expression of a hope that in one single respect we shall not be induced, or allowed, to imitate our late guests—I mean in that little matter of the wing forward; for I cannot help regarding him as the embodiment of a deliberate attempt to evade the rules against obstruction, and against getting in front of the ball while it is in the scrum.

The Red Stocking Rampant at Richmond

Richmond, with rather a weak side, were barely able to make a game of it against the Fettesian-Lorettonians at the Athletic Ground. In every department of the game, the Scotsmen were their masters; the forwards were equally clever in the scrum and out of it, and the combination among their backs was as good as anything that has been seen at Richmond since the last appearance of the "All-Blacks" there. The first try was rather a curious one, for from a penalty kick by Ross the ball hit the cross-bar, rebounded into play, and was taken over in the ensuing scramble by McKenzie, who had followed up smartly. Good passing among the backs, in which Gadby (who is still at school) was conspicuous, enabled Purvis to score a second try, and then came a very "dodgy" one by Kenneth McLeod, while Jobson, Osborne, and Purvis, were finally responsible for three more before half-time. Osborne's try was the outcome of a cross-kick by Lawrie, and the forwards who took it on looked to be off-side, but I did not notice particularly where Lawrie was by the time the ball reached them. After half-time Hancock virtually presented the Scots with their last try. Lawrie, essaying another cross-kick, sent the ball well over the Richmond line. Hancock fielded it, and might easily have touched it down, but instead he elected to keep it in play and try a run. He was promptly nobbled almost on the line by Monteith and another forward, who, between them, robbed him of the ball, and Monteith

Fettesian-Lorettonians score a goal against Richmond

The Scots proved victorious in this match at Richmond last Saturday by 2 goals and 5 tries to 2 tries

carried it over. After this the Scots, contented with their big lead, took matters more easily, and Richmond, sticking to it bravely, got a look in. Tries were gained for them by Godfrey and Wilson, the latter being the outcome of a very fine run, and then came "no-side," and with it a victory for the Scots by 2 goals and 5 tries to 2 tries.

Other Rugger Matches

The Nomads have fared so badly of late that very little interest attached to their meeting with Blackheath at the Rectory Field. However, as it turned out, the game was more even than was anticipated, for the Nomads had a stronger team, and their forwards were much better together, than usual, whereas the Club was without one or two of its mainstays, besides having Lee injured in the second half. At one time the score was eight-all, but before the end Anderson and Newbold scored for Blackheath, and Robson converted one of the tries, thereby doubling the score. The Old Leysians, with a weak team, and one short at that, went down to Guy's, for whom Morgan and McEvedy were in great scoring form, while the Old Alleynians were somewhat lucky in not losing to the Harlequins by more than two goals and two tries to a try, for the Harlequins were attacking nearly all the time. There was a tight match at Sutton, where the home side just beat the Civil Service by a try to nil, and another at Isleworth, where the Old Blues scored a dropped goal to a penalty goal against the U.C.S. Old Boys, but the Old Paulines proved quite unequal to the task of playing such a strong club as Rosslyn Park, and had their line crossed twelve times. There was quite a suggestion of the silver fern about this performance.

Fettesian-Lorettonians v. Richmond: Collared!

Hockey: Southgate beat Hampstead

It was a pity that neither Southgate nor Hampstead were at full strength for their return meeting on Saturday, at Richmond, for the event, in view of the records of the two teams, was an important one. Southgate were unbeaten, and so were Hampstead, if we except the 'Varsities, and the two teams at their first encounter had played a pointless draw. To Hampstead, too, belongs the distinction of having broken Staines's unbeaten record which had stood since 1902. On Saturday, Hampstead were without Logan and Hill, while Southgate had second team men playing in the places of three of the brothers Adams and of Campbell; but the game was nevertheless a very good one and very fast. Southgate were the quicker in settling down, and in the first few minutes an attack on the right, in which C. E. Barker was prominent, ended in a goal to L. R. Lewis. Shortly after, the same player added a second goal, and then H. E. T. Dawes, who had changed meanwhile from inside to outside left, put his side still further ahead with a couple of telling shots, and Southgate crossed over with the useful lead of 4—0. This, as it turned out, was the final score. In the second half, Hamptead, who had tried the three-back game, gave it up, and played a goal-keeper, with much more satisfactory results, as far as defence was concerned. Their forwards also had more of the game, but they were seldom really dangerous in front of goal, and Shoveller was most carefully looked after by Heygate, who, in turn, was admirably supported by F. S. Lewis, with the result that Hampstead only got two, or at most three, clear openings, and the shots that followed therefrom were cleverly, if somewhat luckily, stopped. Towards the end Southgate attacked again, but Marsden came out strong in defence, and they did not quite succeed in getting through. On the day's play they were the better team, especially forward, though Hampstead were perhaps a little unlucky in the second half. By a similar score (4—0) Staines defeated Surbiton at Surbiton; Brondesbury just got the better of Wimbledon by 4—3; East Sheen went down before Kew (6—1); and Teddington piled up 10 goals against Lessness Park.

Matters Musical

Schubert at the Queen's Hall

Mr. Henry Wood is to be commended for his recent tender attention to the work of Schubert. Symphonies by "him of the heavenly length" have occupied the chief place on the programmes of two successive Queen's Hall Concerts, the No. 7 in C having been given at the concert of December 16, and the "Unfinished" at the New Year's Day Concert this week. Of Mr. Wood's rendering of the latter, it is impossible to exaggerate one's praise, as the combined mystery, tragedy, and tenderness of the opening movement, and the singing beauty of the Andante, find in him an ideal exponent. In the case of the great work in C, however, I incline to think that Mr. Wood was a little too reverential in his handling of the themes, with the result of making its length a little too "heavenly" for mere mortal endurance. The Symphony is one which requires, as our Yankee friends would say, "hustling up some." Without wishing liberties to be taken with the score of a great composer, I think the offence of the conductor who occasionally hastened the *tempi* of this particular work would not be very heinous. In connection with the "Unfinished" Symphony, it is interesting to be reminded in Messrs. Pitt and Kalisch's Analytical Notes that forty-three years elapsed between the date of the composition of the work, in 1822, and its first public performance in Vienna, in 1865. This fact is one to be borne in mind by those smug persons who assert that a work of genius is never neglected, and it makes one wonder whether there are not to-day "Unfinished" Symphonies lying obscurely in the dust somewhere.

In Aid of Russian Jews

It is highly appropriate that music should be chosen as the means of raising help for the destitute Jews of Russia, for what race has done more glorious service to the art than the ancient people? Mr. Mark Hambourg's Tschaikowsky Concert at the Queen's Hall lately succeeded in amassing £255 11*s.* 11*d.* in aid of the sufferers, and I am glad to note that on Tuesday next, the 9th inst., a concert in aid of the same charity will be given at the Steinway Hall, organised by Miss Violet Horncastle, a particularly beautiful photograph of whom we are able to reproduce on this page. Miss Horncastle claims to have been the only Christian who has ever promoted and organised a Jewish charity. Among the performers at the concert will be Madame Blanche Marchesi, Miss Janotha, Signor Tito Mattei, Mr. Fischer Sobell, Mr. Rohan Clensy, and others. A new Jewish song will be sung for the first time in public by Madame Zippora Monteith, entitled "Star of Israel," which will be sold for the benefit of the cause.

Miss Violet Horncastle

Who is organising a concert at Steinway Hall in aid of the Russian Jews on Tuesday, the 9th inst.

Mr. Andrew Betts's Concert

The concert given at the Æolian Hall just before Christmas by Mr Andrew Betts, assisted by the British Symphony Orchestra, introduced to West-End audiences a young baritone possessed of an exceptionally fine voice, clear enunciation, intelligence, and pleasing presence. Mr. Betts gave a charming rendering of the "Dichterliebe" of Schumann, and his performance of Mephistopheles' song from *Faust* so aroused his audience that recalls were numerous. Mr. Betts's recital served to prove his eminent suitability for the operatic stage.

V. C.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Renew Your Licence

Dog licences expired on December 31. On the same day every licence to drive a motor-car came to an end. According to the existing state of the law, anyone at the wheel of a car must carry his licence on him. He is also compelled to return it annually to the authorities to have it renewed. In practice, therefore, it follows that a chauffeur must either stop driving for a day or two while it is being renewed or infringe the regulation by failing to carry his licence with him Perhaps, when we get a sensible Motor Bill passed through Parliament, car drivers will be exempt from the irritating necessity of always having to carry their licence with them.

A List of Police Mistakes

The police are sometimes mistaken. Knowing this, the energetic secretary of the Automobile Association is compiling a register. He intends to keep a list of all cases in which the police evidence is disproved, and their sworn statements turn out to be incorrect Whenever a motorist is summoned in respect of speed limit or alleged furious driving he will have an opportunity of learning from this register whether the particular constable who is accusing him has "any endorsement on *his* licence." Motorists should send in to 18, Fleet Street particulars of any motor-car case within their knowledge in which the police evidence has been successfully disproved. Press cuttings are useful, but not quite sufficient for the purpose. A short account from personal recollection, together, if possible, with the name, rank, division, and number of the veracious constable in question, together with a newspaper cutting, is what is required. Like other schemes for the good of a community, it involves a little trouble on the part of each interested motorist. Such a record, however, has a value, and its existence will tend to make members of the force a little more careful.

Good-bye to the Gordon Bennett

Last week, in Paris, at the Automobile Club, the great Cup Race was discussed. America and all the

Up-to-date garage

A new development of the garage is to be seen in Newman Street, where Argylls, Limited, have made good use of the roof. As our illustration shows, it is available for washing cars

important European countries were represented. The French Club, the present holders, had received a challenge from the Italians; but the Frenchmen have had enough Gordon Bennett, and adhering to the former declaration, announced their intention of not competing. The representatives of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, and Switzerland, took but little interest in the matter, and France standing down, decision rested really with Italy, England, and America. It was arranged ultimately that there should not be any race this year. France meanwhile is to keep the Cup. Next July an International Conference is to be held to consider whether in 1907 a race for the Cup shall be run under modified conditions. Practically speaking, this means the end of the big race. Miss it for a year and it is extremely doubtful whether the big manufacturers will be anxious to support it. Established firms who have made their names are only too glad to be rid of it. The only ones who are likely to regret it are the newcomers.

The End of the Year

From all points of view, 1905 has not been unkind to motorists. True it is that traps have been frequent and fines heavy. True it is that the magistrates have, with few exceptions, been as hard-hearted and as prejudiced as ever. But the broader view taken by the general public during the last few months is all to the good. Out of the many appearances that the motor has made in Court, one especially, to my mind, marks a distinct change in public opinion. Happening but a few weeks ago, it is a case that many still remember. Mr. Johnston, the manager of the Simms Manufacturing Company, whilst motoring, was caught in one of the silly traps that Inspector Marks, of Esher, sets in unfrequented parts of the Ripley Road. Now a cyclist scout, in the employ of the Automobile Association, happened to be on the spot at the time, and, when the case came on, gave evidence on behalf of the motorist. As usual, the Kingston Bench, before whom the case came, disregarded all evidence except that tendered by the police, and convicted Mr. Johnston, fining him five pounds.

Photo by Topical Agency

Mr. Justice Grantham

Who has expressed, in Court, his approval of police traps

Perjury and the Police

The cyclist scout, William Jones, whose evidence directly conflicted with that of the police, was then prosecuted for perjury. The case was heard at the Surrey Assizes at Guildford. It came before Mr. Justice Grantham, assisted by a jury. From the first the judge seemed to be against the prisoner. So much so that one might be pardoned for thinking that Mr. Justice Grantham entertained a distinct prejudice against motors. But the jury, paying but scant attention to the learned judge, acquitted the prisoner.

The Jury's Good Sense

The twelve members of the British public who listened to the evidence apparently looked upon it as a case trumped up by the police. Overlooking the fact that the object of the police is to prevent the law being broken rather than to catch law-breakers, Sir William Grantham expressed his approval of police traps. While one regrets the judge's attitude, it yet makes the conduct of the jury the more satisfactory. I am inclined to think that if every motor case was heard before a jury, present police methods would soon cease. Though one of our judges may favour police traps, though magistrates may be against motorists, I think the great B.P. is coming round to our side; and they, after all, count most.

A Happy New Year to You All

Let all who sit at the wheel of a car in 1906 determine to foster this changed feeling by careful courtesy. Consideration shown to others on the road will hasten considerably the wished-for time when public opinion will openly condemn traps in open country and police-court persecution. As I write, the old year is well-nigh spent. Car number A.D. 1905, hammering badly, loose in all its bearings, scarcely travels, soon, very soon, to lie forgotten on the scrap-heap of Father Time. Just at hand, tyres pumped hard, tanks full, spick and span, throttle open, spark advanced, comes A.D. 1906. That the new model may carry you happily and well is the wish of

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

Crystal Palace

The Crystal Palace is not the most accessible place in the world, but the management have apparently set about providing an extra show of holiday attractions to console the traveller for his journey. The Mecca of the holiday-maker is, of course, the pantomime *Dick Whittington*, an admirable production, beautifully staged, and more important still—funny. Next comes the circus in the centre transept, performed, as the pantomime, twice daily, while for those who are paying repeat visits there is an almost inexhaustible stock of side shows, among which special mention must be made of a Roller-skating Rink, which has decidedly caught the popular fancy.

Imported Sunshine

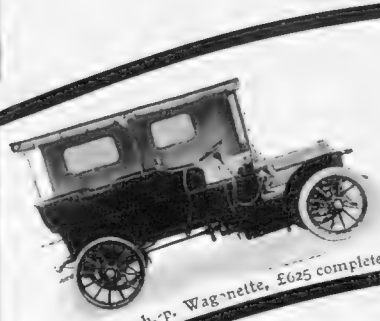
At a time when we are deep in the fogs of London it is a distinct refreshment to turn to the pleasant Dowdeswell Gallery, which is now hung with Mrs. Winifred Russell Roberts's clever water-colours of scenes in Malta, Italy, various parts of France, and lands where brightness and blue skies occur in quite the ordinary course of every-day life. Happy painter to be able to work in such alluring surroundings, and fortunate Londoner to have such delights housed in the midst of your murky streets.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES and others anxious to secure cars without delay, should inspect the stock of

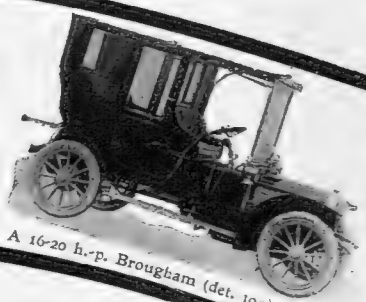
ARGYLL CARS

at the new London Depôt.



A 16-20 h.-p. Wagnette, £625 complete.

A 16-20 h.-p. Landaulette, £640.



A 16-20 h.-p. Brougham (det. top), £625.

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Children's Party Frocks

The juvenile element is very much to the front just at the moment, in connection with parties, pantomimes, and the like, and a certain small personal interest has caused me to take note of several things.

Primarily there is the dress. I cannot recall ever being more impressed than I have this winter by the exceeding charm and good taste evidenced in the party frocks. Although I am in truth bound to admit the preference granted the long bodice frock, greater suitability is frequently found in the wide dancing skirt of muslin and lace set direct from a short yoke. Some of these skirts, for quite tinies, measure six yards at the hem, and I know two distractingly pretty sisters, aged respectively nine and eleven, who always wear these dancing dresses, fashioned of soft muslin, simply trimmed with two or three gathered flounces of the same, without lace, the latter only putting in an appearance in the form of a collar of some really good quality. While the petticoats beneath, modelled on similar dancing lines, are just as dainty as delicate workmanship, lace, and threaded *bébé* ribbon can make them.

It is the *au dessous* that is the leading note of the moment with the really well-dressed child. Which reminds me to relate of the fancy for black velvet Princesse frocks for chicks from four to eight years, the skirts very short, and well gored to flare out over a mass of pretty lace petticoats. The neck is cut just a little *décolleté*, and finished with a ribbon drawn tucker, and the sleeves are full *poufs* to the elbow. This is quite one of the prettiest party frocks of the season, and may be worn with long black silk stockings, or white socks and black sandal shoes.

Something About the Sales

After-season clearances are almost uniform this year in starting Monday, January 1. Just a few essayed a preliminary skirmish prior to Christmas, and there are still one or two who have postponed their opening date to January 8, but for the large majority Monday, the 1st, is the red-letter day. The event, however, only lasts three weeks, that period proving from past experience to suffice for the clearance which is the sole end and aim of the firm. No one who has ever profited by these sales at

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove

will doubt the complete generosity of all the bargains. Where all is so good, it seems a little invidious to particularise, but it is impossible to overlook the covetable character of the offerings in the Mantle Department. Having on hand a rather heavy surplus of fur-lined coats, built prior to the recent advance in squirrel skins, it is proposed to mark these down at unprecedented reductions during the sale; another tempting offering coming in the guise of some black satin theatre coats, that are very rare bargains indeed. The millinery, always well worthy an early effort to secure, teems with undreamt-of bargains, while the silk department presents a more than ever seductive show, including fancy velvets and pannes from 1*s.* 11*d.* a yard, a big reduction from 6*s.* Some wonderful white brocade satins, suitable to Court or bridal use, ranging in price from 5*s.* 11*d.* to 7*s.* 11*d.* a yard, and coloured taffeta foundation silks, 1*s.* 6*d.* the yard, recommended qualities in white, ivory, or black, coming out at 3*d.* a yard more. As usual, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove have issued a small catalogue containing mention of their leading lines, a perusal of which is always helpful preparation to a personal visit.

Messrs. Peter Robinson

The text taken for the catalogue issued by the Oxford Street house is "A Notable Event on New Year's Day." And myself, I am quite prepared to endorse the announcement most heartily, for the sales here always are notable events. The plethora of choice is, perhaps, just a little bewildering, but anyone with an ordinarily clear idea of what they want will account this to the good, and to these I would urge an early onslaught on the Costume Departments. There are two—"*dos à dos*"—the one devoted to silk and evening confections, offering relatively quite as big bargains as its rival of sturdy stuff, where smart little tailor suits are going at 39*s.* 9*d.*, and walking skirts at 16*s.* 11*d.*, this latter price identifying the "Haakon," in face cloths, tweeds, serges, and tartans.

Blouses commence at 5*s.* 11*d.*, this lead representing a perfectly cut model of nun's veiling, trimmed lace, in all cream, or cream with coloured buttons. In silk blouses, a large surplus have been brought down to half a guinea, and a *crêpe de chine* in all colours, and most daintily fashioned, is truly marvellous value at 12*s.* 9*d.* And do not on any account miss the petticoats, both moirette and silk, the former at 5*s.* 11*d.*, while there is a black *guipé* silk, immensely full and generously rich in appearance, that carries a sale ticket of 15*s.* 11*d.* And just one other thing out of the wealth: a teagown of velveteen, with handsome fichu of cream net and lace, reduced from five guineas to 79*s.* This, to a woman with a penchant for a really cosy gown, cannot fail to prove irresistible.

At the Regent Street House

From experience I have more good words than the editor would take from me in a month to say of the genuinely excellent things to be found here. In the costumes, the presiding genius, after a brilliant season, is so encouraged to make greater ventures than ever that he declines to run the risk of having anything at all left on hand, and has used his blue pencil recklessly, reducing quite recent models to give away prices, and offering *habillée* skirts of Eolienne, lined silk, accompanied by bodice material, at 45*s.* 6*d.*, and simply fascinating corded velveteen skirts in a long range of colours at 25*s.* 6*d.*

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Numberless bargains, too, of the very first order belong to the outfitting, a very handsome Empire teagown, for instance, in chiffon velveteen, lined throughout, and tastefully ornamented with lace in fashionable shades of pansy, green, brown, sapphire, claret, or black, is most generously reduced to £3 15*s.* 6*d.* The lovely hand-embroidered lingerie forms a further magnet, together with the blouses, and certainly no one knows better how to provide it, with that always desirable air of exclusiveness, than the clever mind who holds the final note in these wholly feminine matters.

Young Girl's Dainty Dance Frock

Of ring spot ivory net, the skirt decked to the knee with *plissé* flounces mounted over chiffon, and ornamented with leaves of ivory satin, outlined with a *plissé* chiffon. About the full *bébé* bodice, a becoming little fichu is arranged, caught on the shoulders with bows of soft satin ribbon.

A Fascinating Sale

Quietly dropping, without any particular fanfare of trumpets, into the sale stream on Monday, the great house of Paquin, where I was privileged to have a peep behind the scenes, holds forth promise of proving more than usually seductive. And there is always this to be said about such a sale—that no matter whether you go the first day or the last, it is impossible to draw a blank.

A Paquin possession, be it what it may, is ever a thing of preciousness and beauty, and consequently a joy for ever. Or to paraphrase the old Lancashire saying: What Paquin thinks to-day, the rest of the modistic world are thinking to-morrow. Pioneering—with even more marked enthusiasm than usual—Empire vogues, the choice in these persuasions is particularly large; each one, an exclusive model, is finding graceful expression in cloth day costumes with velvet boleros, chiffon velvet visiting toilettes, and evening wraps, together with wholly irresistible dinner and ball gowns of chiffon and lace, enhanced by touches of fur and perfect embroideries perfectly applied. And all, having served the end of suggestion, are being offered at one-third and, in many cases, one-half the original cost.

Young girl's party frock

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

In furs, the reductions are frankly unprecedented, although the styles inaugurated by this *première* establishment are well assured of holding their own for some long while to come. But to Paquin these have ceased to prove interesting, and are therefore to be dispatched with all speed, and handed down to a world where ultra fastidiousness gives way before a more ordinary and average appreciation, which will find ample food in those lovely little fur coatees, with their cleverly introduced *soupçon* of embroideries, quaint vests, and cravats

There are, too, some simply adorable high-waisted Directoire cloth coats, ideal spring possessions, that should be annexed early; while the millinery, including every model that has reached Bond Street to within three weeks back, has to go at give-away prices.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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A Woman's Note Book

We have recovered, it is true, from the evil of Christmas, but, as yet, are by no means out of the wood. For after Christmas, more excitements, in the shape of pantomimes and parties, begin; and those who do not make themselves ill with Christmas fare, sweets, or over excitement, are nearly sure to manage some other way — probably by catching measles. Then there is the preparation for returning to school: mending, planning, ordering — perhaps wondering how the family *is* to be kept in clothes, especially if there are many schoolboys. Christmas is indeed a harassing time for parents. And I commend them highly: they are very brave.

There is something attractive and refreshing about the New Year! We are perennially hopeful—always ready to begin again; ready to believe all fortune will be good, whatever experience tells us; willing to peer dauntlessly into the unknown, in spite of past shadows, which have assumed definite and alarming shapes as time went on; above all, we are full of resolutions and expectations, certain that we are going to be so kind to everybody and everybody is going to be so charming to us, as though family feuds, neighbourly quarrels, and all sorts of vexations, great or small, had never lain behind us. Most of this may be wildly optimistic, unlikely, and even illogical; but logic is a dull thing by itself, and it is exceedingly improbable that any generation of men and women could exist upon it. We are all optimists naturally, even those persons with bad digestions, who *say* they are not. Of course the digestion question, having in many cases been severely tried in the preceding week, is inclined to sober the general tendency towards optimism with which we ring in the New Year. But the brighter side conquers; the young year is, to our imagination, much like the unstarted page of a child's copy-book, which we are assured is to surpass in elegance the somewhat smudgy performances of yesterday and last week.

This New Year is an important one; it is a time, indeed, of beginnings and struggles, politically and socially. What part women are likely to play in it remains to be seen. I venture to predict that it will be an important one. At no time has woman's interest in social questions and political issues been greater than it is to-day. "More's the pity," growls the cynic, unable to deny the force of the influence exerted by the voteless over the country at large. Be that as it may. Whether we can show the judgment and knowledge of practical life, whether we are sufficiently logical (man or woman, who is?) to claim that withheld vote, at least one virtue about woman is certain, and that is her *devotion* to her principles. Of course, all women are not greatly interested in politics (nor are all men), but among those who are, none will work harder, or will sacrifice more in the coming fight—probably, alas! none will be more bitter—though, on the other hand, none will more eagerly catch their men-folks with the infection of enthusiasm than a particular section of the women of England. Ah, well, history but repeats itself. Now as ever "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A SIMPLE LUNCH

Kidney Soup Fillets of Sole à l'Espagnole
Poulet au Riz
French Pancakes
Cheese Butter Biscuits Celery
Coffee

Kidney Soup

Cut about 2 lb. of ox-kidney into slices, and then cut into small neat pieces. Take some flour and season it well with salt and pepper; roll the kidney in this, and then toss them in a little good beef dripping over the fire for ten minutes, then add a turnip, a carrot, the white part of one leek, one onion, and a little outer leaf of celery, all cut up fine. To this add a quart and a half (or more) thin stock or cold water. Bring to the boil, then simmer very gently for two hours, skim carefully, when it will be ready to be served. When celery is not at hand, use celery seed.

Fillets of Sole à l'Espagnole

Bake the fillets for twenty minutes; when cooked, lay them flat on a dish and pour the following sauce over them: Cut up a Spanish onion in thin slices and mince it. Fry the onion in butter till quite cooked without its taking colour, then add some tomatoes which have been peeled and the pips removed (there should be double as much tomato as onion), add pepper, salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Stir well on the fire till the mixture is dried up a little, but not too much. Make a heap of this on a dish, and round it arrange the fillets of sole. Strew a little finely minced parsley over all and serve.

Poulet au Riz

Take a chicken, trussed for boiling, and put it into a stewpan with ½ lb. of parboiled rice, a few peppercorns, and a little salt, and enough water to well cover the fowl and rice. Let it simmer gently over a slow fire for three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, remove to a hot dish; add to the rice pepper, salt, a gill of cream, a little nutmeg, and ½ oz. of butter. Make the mixture very hot, stirring gently for five or six minutes, pour the sauce round the fowl and serve with potatoes à la crème. Cut some boiled potatoes into slices, put them in a stewpan with half a pint of good white sauce, half a gill of cream, pepper and salt, and a blade of mace; simmer for fifteen minutes and serve.

French Pancakes

Two new-laid eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of self-raising flour, and one tablespoonful of castor sugar. Put the flour in a basin, add the sugar, and mix it well in. Make a hole in the flour, add the eggs, previously lightly beaten, and beat it all together. Have ready two buttered saucers, put half the mixture in each. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes till a light golden brown, and then spread with apricot or strawberry jam, turn each over like a half moon, and serve very hot.

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The Editor's Box

G.E.R. Improvements

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce some important improvements in their train service to and from Felixstowe, one of the East Coast watering-places, which, owing to its southern aspect, record sunshine, and mild temperature, is specially recommended by the medical faculty as a winter resort. It has been arranged that every Saturday during the winter months a connection with Felixstowe, with through carriages from London, will be run off the express train leaving Liverpool Street at 1 30 p.m., arriving at Felixstowe at 3.48 p.m. ; also every Sunday a new train wi l leave Felixstowe Beach at 7.25 p.m., and Felixstowe Town at 7.33, arriving at Liverpool Street at 10.3 p.m.

These improvements will be found convenient for those wishing to spend the week-end at this popular resort.

Christmas at the Royal Italian Circus

The Royal Italian Circus continues to maintain its unique position as a place of refined family entertainment amongst all classes of the community. The proprietors, Messrs. Livermore and Volpi, have introduced at Hengler's old Cirque, at Oxford Circus Tube, a series of surprising novelties for the holiday season, in addition to many of the old popular items on the programme, including the marvellous Diving Dog "Nino," "Madame Batavia," the wonderful Malay bear and her carriage and pair of beautiful Shetland ponies. The "Monkeys' Christmas Banquet" and "Jumbo Junior," who has grown considerably since his arrival at the Circus nearly twelve months ago. His education has progressed with marvellous rapidity, and he appears to be fully conscious of the honour paid him by Her Majesty the Queen, who, it will be remembered, made him her special favourite during his visit to Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the second "Command" performance Signor Volpi was honoured with last June.

The Brothers Pasquali give a surprising exhibition of acrobatic feats, and the entertainment includes an amusing pantomime, entitled "The Bear and the Sentinel," which introduces the clever clowns, "Nimble Nip" and "Beppo," in side-splitting, but refined, amusement.

Space does not permit a detailed account of the twenty-eight different items of the magnificent programme, and there is no doubt that during the Christmas holidays the Royal Italian Circus will be crowded twice daily, at 3 and 8 p.m., with crowds of appreciative youngsters and grown-ups alike, who will revel in the antics of the educated animals, the merry quips of the clowns, and the magnificent series of biograph pictures which bring this unique entertainment to a close.

Fairy Tales

Miss Myra Hamilton's volume of fairy tales, "Kingdoms Curious," is among the Christmas gifts of the children of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and will no doubt delight them as much as it does many children among the King's subjects who revel in its possession throughout the country.

The Jews in Russia

A public meeting is to be held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on Monday next, January 8, at five o'clock p.m., to express public indignation and horror at the organised massacres and outrages recently perpetrated upon the Jews in Russia. The chair will be taken by the Right Hon. Lord Rothschild, P.C., G.C.V.O., and applications for tickets for the meeting should be addressed to Mr. H. Marks, 21, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

Charles Dana Gibson and his Future Work

Although it is true that Mr. Charles Dana Gibson purposes devoting his attention to painting, he will not, as has been lately widely reported, altogether forsake black and white work, and his drawings will appear, as hitherto, in *Pictorial Comedy*.

"The Citizen's" South African Issue

The Citizen's Fourth Annual South African issue, just published, contains full particulars of the leading South African Gold, Diamond, and Coal Mining Companies, with numerous maps of the Witwatersrand and other mining districts, brought quite up to date and arranged under the various groups, together with an account of the South African banking world. The illustrations comprise portraits of South African statesmen, leading financiers at the head of the mining industries, bank managers, etc. A special feature of this issue is the completeness of the section dealing with Rhodesian mining as regards comments, reports, and maps. The issue runs into fifty pages, and constitutes an indispensable *vade mecum* for investors and operators in African mining shares who wish to be up to date.

A Bright London Weekly

Of the penny topical weeklies, *London Opinion* now holds an enviable place. Certainly a brighter, better produced paper, fuller of attractive literary matter and excellent drawings, we do not call to mind just now. It is, indeed, a relief to be able to pick up a penny weekly which seeks to appeal to the sophisticated, and is not solely designed to meet the tastes of the housemaid and errand boy, and in *London Opinion* is attained a degree of excellence that for years we have sought in vain among the penny popular weeklies. Certainly in few journals are to be enjoyed more hearty laughs than are forced on one in Mr. MacDonald Rendle's "Peep Show." Mr. Rendle combines a great deal of sound common-sense with a quaint and unexpected humour of phrase, and the effect upon the reader is startling and explosive.

"The Norwich School of Painting"

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons have ready, and will publish immediately, "The Norwich School of Painting," royal 4to, 800 pages, with 20 photogravure reproductions and 180 illustrations. The work will fill a void in Art History. It gives the origin and history of the Norwich Exhibitions; full lives of the thirty-three painters, from Old Crome to A. W. Walker; complete lists of their exhibits in Norwich and London, describing their hands and some hundreds of their works. It is believed the work will prove of special value to the connoisseur and collector.

"Dr. Jim" on Rhodes

In the second number of the *Rhodesia Review*, a quarterly for shareholders and settlers, Dr. Jameson deals in an open letter with shareholders' losses, and the forgotten promise made by Cecil Rhodes that Rhodesian shareholders' interests would be protected by the examination of mining claims before flotation.

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